ANNOUNCEMENTS

ANNOUNCEMENTS

WHERE TO STAY! WHAT TO DO!

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O SOLE MIO American-Italian restaurant, 238 Tremont St., Boston, Mass. Famous for steaks and lobsters. Specializing in Italian dishes. Open daily 11 a. m. to 1 a. m. Phone Devonshire 9563.

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PAINTING—$2.00 a room; ceiling, $2.00; rooms papered, $3.00. [illegible] paper. Satisfaction guaranteed. [illegible] Talbot 2115-Gen. 1523.

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INTERNATIONAL SALT CO., INC., 427 Statler Office Bldg., Boston. Hub. 2226-2227

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MAGAZINES—Good Housekeeping, Cosmopolitan, Harper's Bazaar, 458 Park Sq. Bldg., Subscription Department, T. A. McMullin, Mgr. Telephone Hubbard 6020.

Where to Dine

POLLY PERKINS—71 Hancock St., nr. Mt. Vernon, luncheon, dinners, 35c-65c. Laf. 8979.

ELSIE ROBINSON, who writes from a woman viewpoint, often with startling confidences, every day in the Boston American.

Barbara Holmes, American-Advertiser Free Rental Bureau. A free service for landlords and renters. Fourth floor, R. H. White Co. HANcock 4100.

Walter Winchell
On Broadway

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The Broadway Bulbs

Most of the Broadway lights are not on Broadway, but are bunched on 7th Ave., near 47th St . . . Columbus Circle is the fastest growing area of illumination in the nation. Six spectacular signs now make it the second most imposing area of lights in the East, and one day, if business keeps moving uptown, it will put Broadway in the shade . . . The total number of big signs on or near Broadway is 32 . . . Eleven of them are leased . . . If it is true that there is a broken heart for every light on Broadway, then there are exactly 90,500 broken hearts.

They are really only two things that make Broadway—Broadway. The theaters—and the bright lights. Without either, the other would have little value . . . The jazziest Broadway sign is the one on the south side of the Hollywood Restaurant, one of the neater "come-ons" . . . The gent on the flying trapeze for a beer manufacturer at 46th isn't supposed to miss, but many pedestrians think he does . . . The Chevrolet wheel has approximately 2500 bulbs and spins at the rate of 63 miles an hour . . . The total footage of neon amounts to 73,500 feet. They burn approximately 2,328,000 watts of electricity every hour.

Walter Winchell

The only block-long sign on the Main Stem is the one on the Winter Garden . . . In former days the Wrigley sign and the Cliquot Eskimos had the block-long adverts . . . The best remembered sign was Corticelli's kitten, which toyed with a spool of silk and delighted all observers . . . The reason for those black spaces in front of the word beer on all Broadway signs is the law! Ask Mr. Mulrooney . . . Perhaps the strongest unions are those that control the sign industry. Don't try to put up a sign non-union—if you value your health or good looks.

All the big signs are turned on and off with electric clocks that throw the signs on at sunset and off at 1 a. m.

Sunset is approximately one minute later every day until the final week in June, and one minute earlier thereafter. The adjustment is made by the astronomic dial on the clock controlling the mechanism . . . There are more people on Broadway's main stem at 1 a. m., when the signs go off, than on Philly's Main Drag when they go on, at sunset.

The big outdoor trust, in business for over 30 years, now has in operation four major spectacular signs. The outstanding man, the one who knows more about the Broadway signs and bulbs than anyone, is a youth of 25, named Douglas Leigh . . . He founded his own company after being fired by the trust for refusing to take his sixth wage cut . . . The Broadway Light World has its lingo . . . A "spectacular," for instance, is a big, animated sign, often called a "spec" . . . A "paint shot" is a painted surface—usually with pictorial copy . . . "Spite fence" is a sign or frame built to block a competitor's view . . . "Smallpox" is a sign with too many bulbs out . . . The juice or current for the average "spectacular" costs about one half-as much as the space . . . If your sign juts over city property, you must pay 10 cents per foot per year.

The New York Times news sign, which circles the edifice, is the most expensive to operate on Broadway. It cost $120,000, has 14,800 lights, or nearly one-sixth of all bulbs on the Canyon. It requires the services of two men full time to operate it . . . There are 78 of these running electric signs (electric newspapers) in the world.

The cafeterias often spend more for their brilliant neon signs outside than they do for decorations and equipment inside.

The total value of all sign space to the landlords is about $355,000 per year, some of the space on the outside being worth two or three times the rentals of space inside the buildings.

For example: The sign spaces on the front of the Astor Theater are priced at more than the rental of the theater!

It requires 15 maintenance trucks to keep the signs on Broadway in order . . . The girl who posed as the swinging girl in that toothpaste sign formerly at 47th Street was a showgirl, who married Don Shewell, who sold it! Now they have three swings at home for as many children . . . Most of the advertisers on Broadway are out of towners. Only two of them are New Yorkers.

The sign with the greatest amount of animation is the Schenley "spec," on the roof of the Hearst Building, not in Times Square, but on Columbus Circle! . . . It used six and - half miles of wire in construction, whereas the average "spectacular" requires about two miles of it . . . The reason practically all neon used red is that it is the nearest fool-proof. The most attractive combination, however, is turquoise and gold, or red and gold . . . The white and gold neons are the hardest to handle. They burn twice as much current than others and burn out twice as fast . . . There is less danger of fire from the biggest sign on Broadway, or from anywhere, than from a ciggie stub, so strict are the rules of underwriters.

The New York Building Department requires more than double the strength for every outside sign than is actually necessary, so you need not worry about one of them falling on your head.

The theatres used to spend as high as $20,000 for a sign on the face of the building to advertise a two-a-day show. But there are none of these left. Only the Strand has a "spectacular" in use.

The most attention getting marquee is that in front of the Rivoli, with its twinkling bulbs that go on and off at the rate of 400 times each minute . . . The biggest painted board sign was on the face of the Criterion, covering a quarter of an acre! It took two painters eight days to cover it . . . The law prohibits flags flying on electrics.

The vari-colored bulbs in the big signs are not standard colors, but are individually dipped in dyes. There are two businesses in New York that thrive doing nothing but dipipng lamps in special colors for the Broadway advertisements . . . The black space around a sign adds to its value like white space in a newspaper advertisement . . . Reflected light, spots and shadows, which are the very essence of stage lighting are not good on Broadway signs . . . General Electric tried to mix colors on a sign that fronted the Claridge and lost $40,000.

The steam from the cup of coffee sign at 47th and 7th stops more pedestrians longer and causes the most speculation as to how it is done than any other attraction. Some think it is smoke, others that it comes from a boiler on the roof . . . It isn't, at all . . . It is plain steam (50,000 pounds per month), taken from the New York streets . . . If one of these valves should burst, the Times Square territory would resemble an erupting volcano.

And this is among other items I never knew till last night. Broadway has 16 lampposts between 42nd and 50th! For what? ? ?

(This feature also appears in the Daily Record)

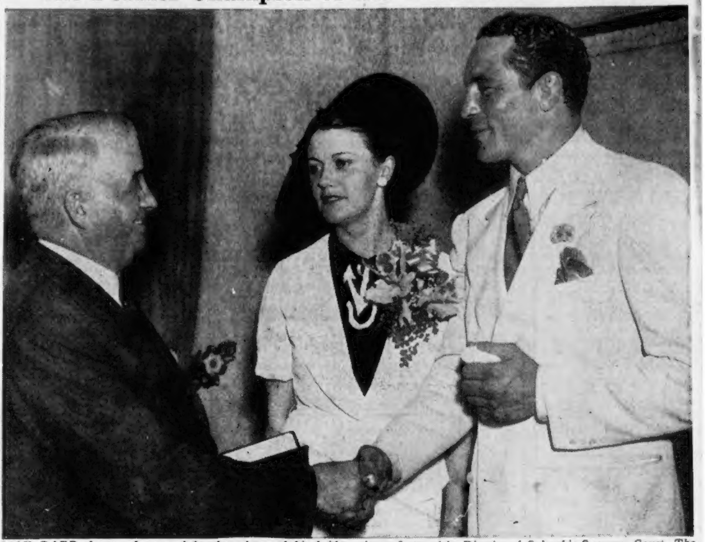
Survey for ERA Reveals How Jamaica Plain Lives

Facts and figures concerning a real property inventory, recently conducted by the Boston City Planning Board as relating to Jamaica Plain, were released yesterday by the board, in connection with FERA projects.

There are 6707 structures of all types throughout the district. Of the 13,187 occupied rental units, 254 units have families doubled up.

There were 32 rental units found lacking proper sanitary facilities, with 2632 units without tubs or showers. There were 1.84 per cent of the dwellings without gas or electricity for cooking, and 1.35 per cent without gas or electricity for lighting.

The Former Champion of the World Takes a Bride



MAX BAER, former heavyweight champion and his bride Mary Ellen Sullivan, hostess of a coffee shop in Washington, as they took their wedding vows before Justice F. Dickinson Letts of he District of Columbia Supreme Court. The marriage took place in Judge Letts' home in Washington. (Picture by International News Photographs.)

Max Baer Takes Coffee Shop Hostess as Bride

Continued from First Page

ess. Then there was Edna Dunham, who married Phil Plant, instead.

The real bride never saw a fight and probably never will because she doesn't like fights, but Max said he would probably continue his ring career for four more years until his financial independence is assured.

Mrs. Baer doesn't smoke, she doesn't drink and she has never been inside a night club.

She is six years older than her husband.

Attendants at the wedding were Mrs. Claire Wagner, of this city, and Jay O'Brien, New York sportsman, and Baer's financial advisor. There were no other witnesses.

The bride was dressed in white, with a wide brimmed hat of dark blue matching a vest of similar shade. She carried a corsage of orchids and lilies.

Max wore a white suite and a blue necktie and grinned like a schoolboy.

It was the first marriage for the bride. For Baer it was the second. He was divorced in 1933 by Dorothy Dunbar, movie actress, whom he married two years before.

WIFE HATES BOXING

Just before leaving here on an airplane, for New York, Maxie announced he is going to make another picture under the title of "The Abysmal Brute."

Questioned about future ring plans at the airport, Mrs. Baer had her say:

"I hate prizefighting. I've never seen a prize fight and I never want to. I'm afraid for Maxie. I hope he won't ever fight again."

But the leather pusher replied with characteristic abandon:

"Well, I can't tell yet. We're going to co-operate on this proposition. You never can tell what will happen. I may quit and then again——"

Future plans include a home in California and an heir, according to Max.

The boxer said:

"This is my second offense. This is really serious this time. I only hope I can make Mary half as happy as she has made me."

To which the bride replied with a brief:

"You will."

He began discussing his hope for an heir even while newspapermen were tormenting him for the name of his intended bride.

"Sure," said Max, "I want a little baby, either a girl or a boy; I don't care. That's one good reason for getting married, isn't it? I was watching a friend of mine just the other day put diapers on a little feller and I thought it was just about the cutest thing I ever saw."

When he revealed she didn't like fights, he was asked:

"What does that mean? That you'll never fight again?"

He began—"Thatall depends" and added: "If I can keep going four more years I'll have an income of $600 a month and anyone can live on that. Jay O'Brien has been helping me save my money while everybody figured I was tossing it away. I have an annuity and the payments have only four more years to go."

Her father is James P. Sullivan, general contractor. She has three brothers, James, Jr., William and Francis, and two sisters, Mrs. Walter Staats of Merchantsville, N. J., and Mrs. Peter Noce of Rochester, N. Y. James, Jr., said:

"It's news to us. We know nothing about her plans."

Mrs. Noce, one of the sisters of the bride, said their father, James P. Sullivan, a general contractor, "bawled out" the former heavyweight champion, when he 'phoned Mary Ellen at 2 a. m. last Christmas while she was visiting her parents in Ithaca.

"Father finally called Mary Ellen to the phone," Mrs. Noce said, "but not until he had 'bawled out' Max for calling at that hour. Father will be furious if he hears there's a pugilist in the family."

The bride was graduated from Ithaca High School and Rochester Mechanics Institute and trained as a dietitian. She was hostess of a Rochester coffee shop before coming to Washington.

She was also hostess at a Knights of Columbus dining room in Rochester.

Soon after her name was disclosed on the marriage license, the hotel management expressed itself as very much perturbed because she had quit her job this morning on a minute's notice after going over the menu cards.

She slipped out to the license bureau, returned to the hotel only long enough to gather her belongings together and was off for her wedding to Max.

Boston Sunday Advertiser

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Always Payable Strictly in Advance

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London...Universal Service, 49 Fleet St.
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GET THE NARRAGANSETT RACE SPECIAL every morning at the track or on the streets of Boston at 11 o'clock for SELECTIONS, SCRATCHES, JOCKEYS AND PROBABLE ODDS with Dave Wilson's Best Bet and FEED BOX SPECIAL and consensus of selections at all tracks.

GET THE PINK RACE FINAL edition of the Boston American every night for all the news of the day and the very latest results from all tracks and ball games. Also selections at dog tracks.

Arrange With Your Newsboy or Newsdealer for These Two Editions Every Day

BOSTON AMERICAN

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY
Greatest Circulation in the World

"The Nation's Reading Habit"

Magazine Section of the Boston Sunday Advertiser.

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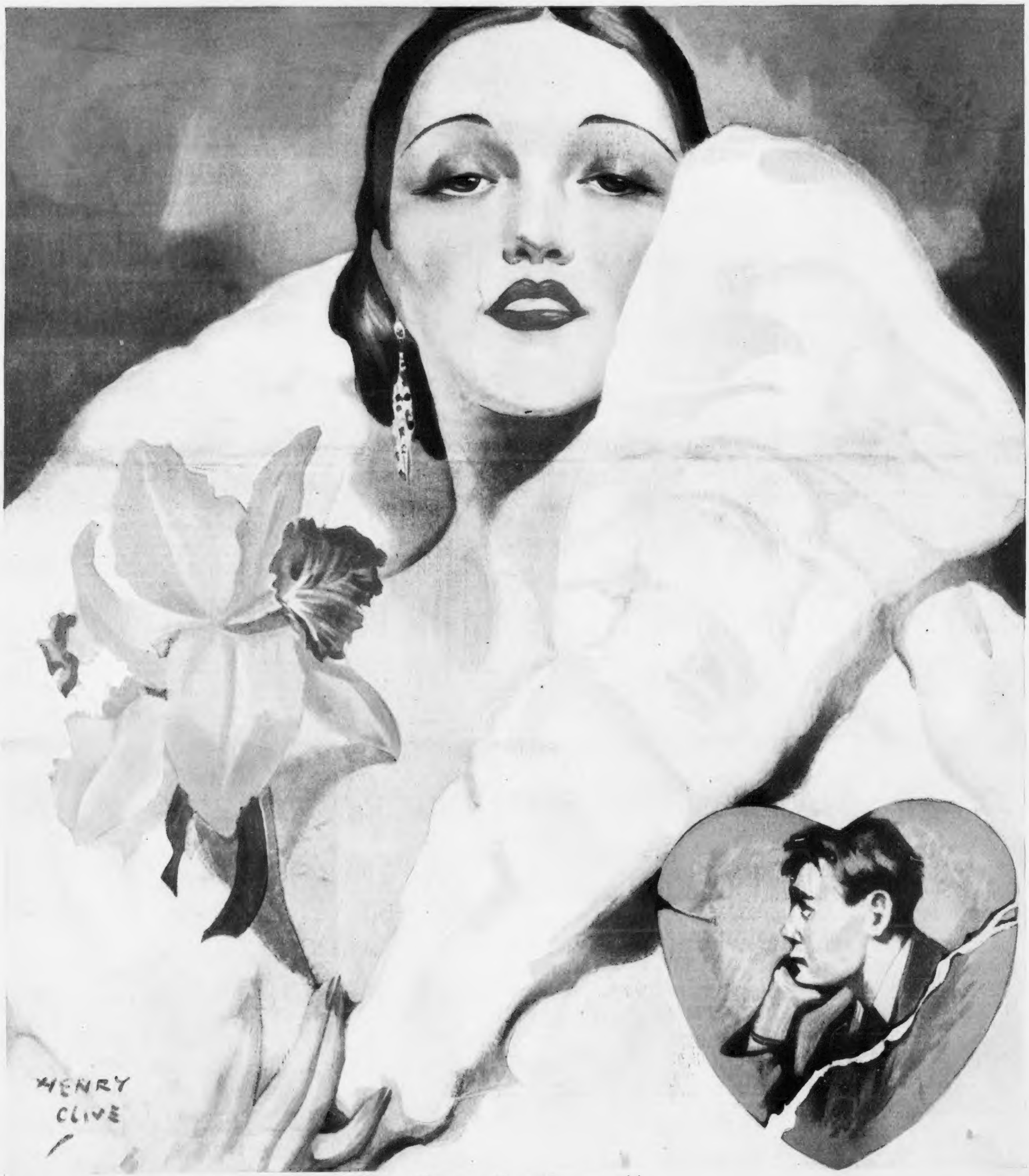
Sunday, June 30, 1935

Girls Men Don't Forget—

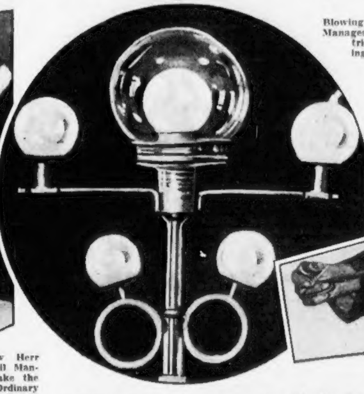
A New Series of Paintings by Henry Clive



At Thirty—The Unattainable

His Life Work Is Making Soap-Bubbles Behave

How Herr Sachradil Manages to Make the Bubbles Stay in Ordinary Tumblers Is His Secret. But at Each Performance He Does This Difficult Trick.



Blowing a Bubble, Which He Manages to Place Over an Electric Bulb Without Breaking It, Is Another Skilful Stunt. The Light and Heat From the Bulb Inside Do Not Burst the Bubble.

The Stunt of Making a Smoke-Filled Soap-Bubble Roll and Dance on a Piece of Tape Is Another Odd Feat Achieved by Herr Sachradil.

VIENNA.

ONE of the most popular and prosperous music hall entertainers in Austria is Herr Sachradil, a middle-aged ex-business man who has made a fine art of the seemingly childish pastime of blowing soap-bubbles.

In the depression following the World War when his business and banking interests were crumbling, this serious and bespectacled gentleman spent considerable time inflating globes of soapy film and his family and friends feared that his financial losses had temporarily affected his mind. But there was a method to his "madness"—and a living, too—because Herr Sachradil is now a music hall headliner with contracts which will take him before audiences all over Europe.

As the pictures on this page show, this Austrian can do just about anything he wants to with the bubbles that he blows through a thin pipe that looks like a long cigarette holder. He can blow bubbles within bubbles, fill some of them with smoke, put the fragile creations around electric light bulbs and make the bubbles roll and dance on a slender tape held between his hands. One of the most amusing parts of his performance is to place beautifully-colored bubbles on top of small wine glasses and distribute these diaphanous spheres among the feminine members of the audience.

The onetime business man has developed remarkable skill at his bubble blowing. Some of his bubbles are smaller than a pea and others are more than a foot and a half in diameter. He is so expert at mixing soap and water that he seldom bursts a bubble before he has made it behave as he wants it to.

It was not until a friend suggested that he try to cash in on his hobby that Herr Sachradil, after considerable urging, called on the manager of a music hall, who allotted five minutes of the show to the impoverished business man. The bubble man stole the show—"wowed 'em," to use a Broadway phrase—and signed a well-paying contract the next day.

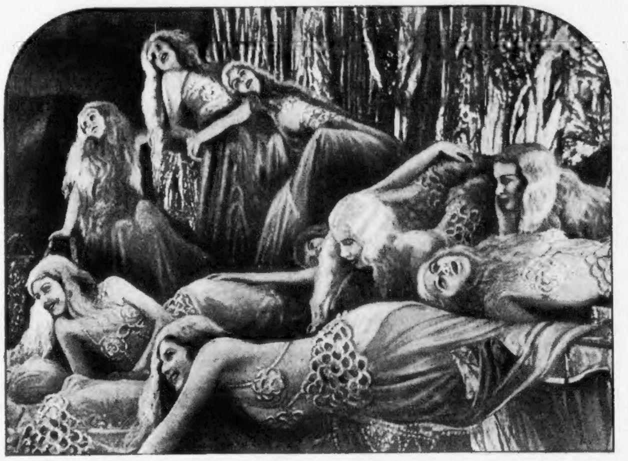
Sirens Amuse Davy Jones

THE English are considerably more restrained and conservative than the French when it comes to stage spectacles: they leave more to the imagination—but they like the stage filled with beautiful chorines now and again, as the photograph at the right shows.

This alluring scene, which was part of a musical extravaganza recently presented at the Palladium, was appropriately called the Undersea Ballet. Against a backdrop that suggested seaweed, coral and assorted submarine fauna and flora, a dozen of the most skilful and shapely dancing girls to be found in the British Empire presented a very pleasant picture of existence in Davy Jones' Locker.

Such scenes strike the British fancy because England is a sea-going nation and enjoys a salty flavor even in its diversions. It is seldom that a musical comedy is put on in the British Capital without at least one big scene which points out, directly or indirectly, that "Britannia rules the waves."

Trick lighting effects give the Undersea Ballet an illusion of reality. The sirens, all of them with flowing blond hair, were bathed in a blue-green light. They swayed and undulated as though they were being wafted back and forth by deep-running currents. The draperies that swirled about their legs made them look like the legendary mermaids that the sailormen of other days sometimes imagined they glimpsed in their voyaging over the seven seas.



"So they sank to the bottom of the sea, sea, sea," Is the Title of the Song Which Is the Theme for This Submarine Scene in the Undersea Ballet Which Recently Evoked Cheers at London's Palladium.

Deadly Spiders His Pets

JAMES BELL, curator of the reptile house at the Philadelphia Zoo, is in the same class with the postman who takes a good long walk on his day off, or the sailor on shore leave who hires a boat to go rowing on some landlocked pond. His hobby is collecting spiders, scorpions, centipedes and such, creatures that most people wouldn't stay in the same house with.

In his home at Upland, Pennsylvania, Bell has a Black Widow Spider, the deadliest of its dreaded species, a Mygale spider, with a body as big as a walnut and legs four inches long, a Tarantula and Trap-door spider. All of these are mean-looking insects, but Bell plays with all of them except the Black Widow. He lets them crawl over his hands and arms and gets a kick out of watching their antics.

Not long ago the zoo man had a couple of scorpions in his strange collection of pets, but these specimens, housed in the same glass jar, "liquidated" each other when they got into a fight and shot one another full of poisonous venom.

Before this battle to the death, Bell used to take his scorpions out of their transparent cage and show his friends the art of handling the evil-looking creatures safely. But even after he had explained and demonstrated he found it difficult to induce others to so much as touch one of the scorpions.

In his bedroom the spider fancier has several other unpopular creatures, including an alligator three feet long—which he keeps under the bed—and a centipede. This fellow, says Bell, falls far short of having the hundred legs that his name implies and, by actual count, cannot show more than 32 pedal extremities—16 on the starboard side and a like number on the port side.

Doesn't Want To Bother His Friends, So He Prepares His Own Grave

PERHAPS Lewis D. Conner, of Grass Valley, California, is not the most considerate man in America, but a lot of people out his way think he is because he has arranged things so that a minimum of trouble will be caused others when the Grim Reaper cuts him down.

As the photograph at the right of the page shows, Mr. Conner, who is a stone mason and concrete worker, has his tombstone all ready in place. He made the stone of concrete and takes considerable pride in the job. But that's not all this Californian has done against the day when his mortal coil will be shuffled off. Beneath the stone is a concrete vault, the top of which is flush with the ground. On the slab which covers this vault, the stone worker has painstakingly carved the names of his ancestors, back to the illustrious Patrick Henry. It was this legislator of Colonial times who rose up in the Virginia Assembly and shouted the famous words, "Give me liberty or give me death." The letters etched on the oblong of concrete in Grass Valley's Elm Ridge Cemetery explain that Patrick Henry was Lewis Conner's great-great-great grandfather on his mother's side.

In one of the rooms of his modest home, the man who doesn't want to be any bother to anyone when he's gone has a bier which he made with his own hands and the clothes that he wants to be buried in are all laid out and ready. An undertaker in Grass Valley already has received the money for the old man's funeral—he was 83 his last birthday—and knows exactly what to do when the call comes.

A great many people would be more than a trifle superstitious about having their funeral preparations all made and their gravestones in place, but not Mr. Conner. He's had a lot of fun in life, as well as a lot of hard work, and it doesn't depress him at all to know that everything is set for him to make the journey to the next world, if any. On the contrary he feels much more contented and easy in his mind now that he knows that the living won't be put out much by his passing.

The Conner burial plot already has graves in it—four of them. One of the graves is that of his niece and the others are the earthly resting places of people who were kind to him while they were alive. A footnote at the bottom of his genealogy on the concrete slab refers to these departed friends as "my invited guests."

Perhaps Conner's profession had something to do with his foresightedness in making all arrangements for his burial. For many years he has been a stone mason and a worker in ornamental concrete and, time and again, he has seen post-mortem tragedies because people had not taken the trouble to buy burial plots nor set aside any money to erect stones over their graves.

Apparently Mr. Conner believes that he will go out of the land of the living before he reaches his 90th birthday, for he has cut on the slab atop his tomb "Lewis D. Conner, 1852—193—." If, however, he has guessed wrong and he is around at the beginning of the fourth decade of the twentieth century, it will be a simple matter to make the three into a four.

WIDE WORLD

Lewis D. Conner, of Grass Valley, California, Photographed Standing Beside His Own Gravestone, Which Is Only One of the Items Which He Has Arranged Against the Time When He Will Pass On.

Played Scarecrow To Tame Birds

FRANZ BOETTCHER, of Charlottenburg, Germany, is not at all offended when his neighbors describe him as the human scarecrow. On the contrary, he's flattered by this nickname, by which he is known far beyond the limits of his home town.

Herr Boettcher has been playing scarecrow for about four years now. In that role he has made friends with several hundred birds which are not afraid of him when he quits posing as a man of straw and comes to life. The photograph shows the German winning over one of his feathered friends by standing as still as a statue and letting the bird eat grain out of the bowl of a pipe.

"Most wild birds," says the man who played scarecrow, "have no fear of things which do not move and which make no noise. It is sound and motion which make them wary. The way to build scarecrows that really scare is to make parts of them of lightweight material that blows back and forth even in a light breeze."

Ornithologists and curators of zoos all over Europe have, at times, offered Boettcher good money to catch certain species of birds for them, but he has refused to make a business of his hobby.

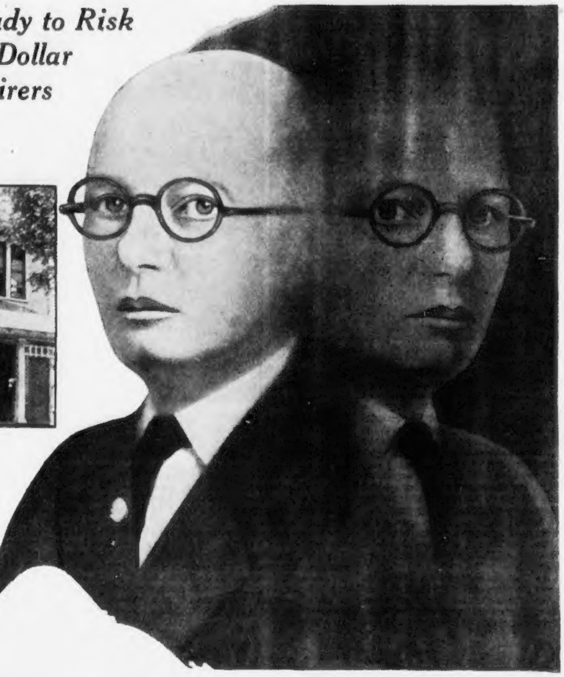
"It has taken me a long time to win the confidence of the birds," he says, "and they trust me because they believe that I am their friend and have no intention of capturing them or hurting them. I would be a piker if I trapped even one of the birds to be used in laboratory study or imprisoned in some aviary. I prefer to make my living some other way and maintain my pleasant association with creatures that Nature intended to be free."

RENE' W. P. LEONHARDT—BERLIN

Franz Boettcher, of Charlottenburg, Germany, and One of the Wild Birds He Has Tamed. It Is Shown Feeding From His Pipe. To Gain the Confidence of the Feathered Wanderers, Boettcher Poses Often in the Field in Place of a Scarecrow, Which, Paradoxically, Seems to Attract the Birds.

Oklahoma's Saintly Doctor Charged With 4 Murders

Dr. Brewer, Beloved Country Physician, Always Ready to Risk His Life for Penniless Patients and Giving Every Dollar He Made to Educate Poor Boys, Astounds His Admirers by Confessing Killing Six Women



Dr. Guy E. Brewer, Accused of an Extraordinary Dr.-Jekyll-and-Mr.-Hyde Life Involving Worthy, High-Minded, Generous Philanthropy—and a Secret Criminal Career.

These Two Homes for Poor College Boys Were Maintained at Stillwater, Oklahoma, by Dr. Brewer to Help Them Through College.

DR. GUY E. BREWER is a perfect case in real life of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," according to the authorities of Oklahoma, who charged this saintly, self-sacrificing doctor with murders of four women—and he admitted killing six.

Nobody denies that between his crimes the prisoner in the county jail at Enid lived the life of a philanthropic saint. As a country doctor in the little town of Garber, he fought through blizzards and snowdrifts so deep that no car could move, to ease the sufferings of patients, even when he knew well enough that he would never be paid.

However, he was a good doctor, with enough paying patients to give him an income of $600 to $700 a month. Yet out of this he allowed himself only sufficient for the barest necessities, devoting all the rest to helping poor boys through Agricultural and Mechanical College at Stillwater, Oklahoma.

At least 1,000 people offered enough testimony of saintliness to canonize anyone, yet the State claimed to have evidence enough also to convict him of the murder of four women. It was alleged that he performed many illegal operations year after year.

Dr. Brewer is a lean, ascetic-looking man in his fifties, who was known as "the sweet grouch," and his benefactions are real. At one time fifty-six students were being educated, partly or entirely at his expense. When the arrest came, there were only thirty-seven boys living in the two yellow frame houses near the A. and M. campus which he maintained, besides five high school boys being supported in his own house at Garber.

These two college dormitories rented by Dr. Brewer were nicknamed the "Houses of Purity," because, after a surprise visit, when he found co-eds joining in a dance going on in one of them, all girls were forbidden to darken the doors of either one. In each there is a housekeeper to cook meals, but the boys do all the rest of the housework. Of course, such a man receives many more appeals for help than he can satisfy, and sometimes he replied with sarcasm. A cowboy preacher wrote him from Montana:

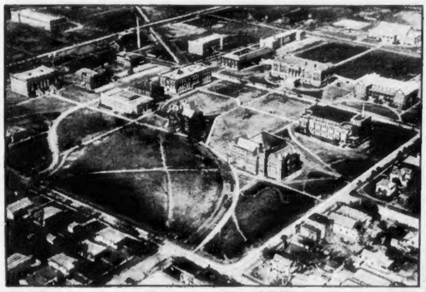
"The Lord has sent me eight children and I don't know what I am going to do with them."

"I don't know, either," replied Dr. Brewer. "But if the Lord has done all that to you, He ought to see you through the rest of the way."

This reply is perhaps a clue to the fatal lapses into which the medical saint is alleged to have fallen. As a penniless youth struggling through a Kentucky medical school, and later when he began practice at Garber, a little town on the fringe of the oil fields, but composed mostly of large families far from wealthy, he had plenty of opportunity to study the causes and effects of poverty. His belief is that no parents should have more children than they are able to rear comfortably. But strive as he might, the number of boys he could help after they were born was but a drop in the bucket compared with the flood of unwanted children which he saw coming into the world.

Since the medical view is that prevention is always better than cure, it was only a step, though a long and criminal one, to using his medical skill in preventing expectant motherhood. It was alleged that he was performing this illegal service many times a year. According to the authorities, four of his patients died as the direct results of his treatment, and at least two with this as an indirect cause.

Nobody pretends that Brewer intentionally caused anyone to die, but what he confessed to having done is a crime in itself, even when everything turns out well. And when the commission of a crime is the direct cause, though unintended, of someone's death, it raises the original offense to that of constructive murder.



Bird's-eye View of the Oklahoma Agricultural and Mechanical College at Stillwater, Oklahoma. Both Boys and Girls Attend This Institution.

Since the quiet, aloof little physician was arrested a few weeks ago, charged with the murder of Mrs. Victor Jones, twenty-three, young mother of two children, there had been filed five additional charges alleging similar offenses. The charges were brought by County Attorney Roy Holbird, a former Garber resident, assisted by Lieutenant Robert Huston, representative of the bureau of investigation and identification, who, as a special representative, was assigned the case by Governor E. W. Marland. The last three cases involved a young married woman and mother, a co-ed at the same college, and a daughter of a farm family in an adjoining county.

The Rev. Rex Frolkey, of Le Mars, Iowa—Preacher by Vocation and Bank Robber in His Spare-time.

The money Dr. Brewer invested in educating youngsters was not in the form of loans. It was always an outright gift with only one string attached. He asked the youth to promise that as soon as he could afford it he would help at least one other poor boy through college. This policy had already begun to pay dividends. Some of his early boy investments had become successes and were helping him out with his dormitory expenses.

When the news of his arrest, and the fact that he had hardly a dollar to spend for defense, spread around, a fund was hastily raised for that purpose. The boys in college contributed dimes, which were all they had, while older graduates wrote sizable checks and in a few days it reached $1,000. Six hundred of the 1,300 citizens of his home town signed the following petition:

"We, the undersigned citizens of the Garber community, resent deeply the slanderous comment which has followed the filing of charges against Dr. Guy E. Brewer. We are familiar with the filing of charges against Dr. Brewer and as fair and honorable citizens we protest with all our might a heralded, open and public investigation which serves no purpose of good government, but rather serves to create a brand of publicity that convicts in the public mind before the defendant can have his day in court.

"We know Dr. Brewer only as a servant of humanity who has gone far down life's highway relieving pain and suffering and bringing comfort to troubled souls in the characteristic sweet grouch of his honored and noble calling. His character and integrity of purpose stand in this community and his conduct will square four ways with justice."

Dr. Brewer's first comment was:

"This may mean ruin for me but first I am wondering how the boys at college are going to continue to eat."

The women of Garber attended to this by digging out of their own pantries enough supplies for a month, while nearby workers in the oil fields chipped in money to send them home at the end of the term.

The Abbe Joseph Turmel in His Study at Rennes, France. Regularly for Forty Years the Clergyman, After a Day of Piety, Worked Far Into the Night to Disprove His Own Doctrines of Theology.

But the authorities kept digging into Dr. Brewer's record and found evidence to add the two more charges, bringing the total of his women victims to six. And then Brewer offered to plead guilty to all six if the officers would make the charges manslaughter instead of murder. This plea was accepted and Dr. Brewer was sentenced the other day to four years in prison on each charge, the sentences to run concurrently.

A Jekyll-Hyde character, such as Dr. Brewer was shown to be, is no novelty to modern psychology, which calls it dual personality. That one personality should be the reverse of its twin is not so strange as it is startling, and most everyone has felt one of the reasons behind it. It is often the vacation impulse, the normal desire for a complete change from one's usual life, but carried to a dangerous extreme. The city man yearns for the country while the farmer wisely takes his vacation in the city. That very same impulse for seeking rest, variety and recreation in the opposite extreme sometimes causes the criminal to be notoriously religious, devoutly attending church between crimes and generously handing out to charity considerable amounts of the money he has stolen from others.

If the criminal gets a rest and a kick out of being a saint on his day off, the same temptation sometimes grips the tired and bored saint to be a criminal.

Jekyll-Hyde double personalities should not be confused with the common pious fraud who is merely a rascal, going around with a sweet smile and talking about doing good in order to swindle people. The pious fraud is a single personality, disguised as a saint.

If possible, even more startling than the charges against Dr. Brewer was the exposure of the Rev. Mr. Rex Frolkey's Jekyll-Hyde career. On Sundays and most of the time week-days he was a minister of the gospel, pastor of the Evangelical Church of Le Mars, Iowa, but once in a while for a change and a rest, he robbed a bank.

The Rev. Mr. Frolkey's salary as a preacher was small but, curiously enough, he did not really need the extra money because he had married a wealthy woman who gladly gave him an allowance that made him as prosperous as he had ever been in his fortunate days when he had a contract as a revivalist, saving souls, at 75 cents per soul.

The Rev. Mr. Frolkey, however, became weary of being a professional good man and, instead of going fishing, jumped into the expensive car given him by his wife and dashed off to Sioux City, thirty-five miles away. After a while came rumors from speakeasies and other unsanctified places that a man who looked just like the Le Mars preacher had been seen there drinking with women who were no angels.

As often as Mrs. Frolkey repeated these stories to her husband, he drove to the place mentioned and asked to see a gentleman said to look very much like him. Always the proprietor of the place informed him that the person was not there just then. The minister then left his card and a cordial invitation for his wicked double to visit the church and be redeemed from sin. The Rev. Mr. Frolkey said that leading his worldly-minded twin to the light of salvation would be great publicity.

He never came, but someone else saw a great light when one afternoon Cyrus Lanstratt and Henry De Grott, of Sioux City, noticed that a man stepping out of the State Bank seemed to pull a mask from his face. They were not sure, but when he got into a fine big car and drove away, they jotted down the license number.

When it proved that the bank had been robbed by a solitary masked man, this was the only clue. The chief of police, with the two witnesses, drove to the Rev. Mr. Frolkey's rectory, hoping only that the pious man might give them some idea of who might have stolen his car. When the minister himself came to the door the eyes of Lanstratt and De Grott almost popped out of their heads.

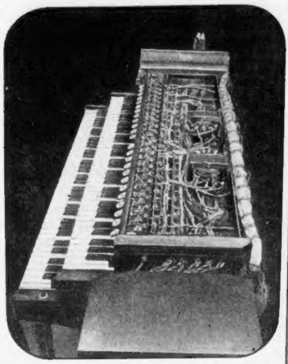
It was a little too much for the chief of police to believe when they identified him as the robber, and the minister was able to laugh the thing off for the moment. But he knew the jig was up and blew out his Jekyll-Hyde brains.

A large quantity of articles attacking the Christian faith are published every year but for nearly two generations the Roman Catholic Church was puzzled by atheistic pamphlets, over many signatures but evidently written by the same hand. To the Church authorities these writings revealed a remarkable knowledge of ecclesiastical history and tenets such as only one of their own most profound students would have. Finally the problem was solved by clever detectives.

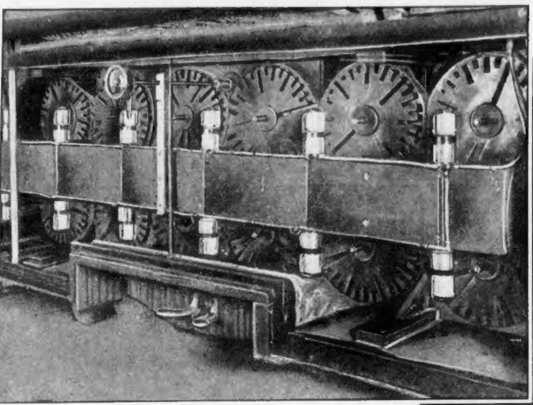
They turned in evidence against about as unlikely a man as could have been imagined. It was the venerable Abbe Joseph Turmel, of the old Carmelite Chapel in Rennes, France. This man, seventy years old, was noted for his piety and tireless efforts, all day and every day, to dispel the doubts of anyone who would come to him. Yet, for the last forty years, he had habitually worked far into the night on articles attacking his own church.

The Abbe was convicted of heresy and blasphemy, for the detectives produced many of the original manuscripts of those heretical writings. A decree of the Holy Office at Rome pronounced the Abbe excommunicated and "vitandus"—a person to be shunned.

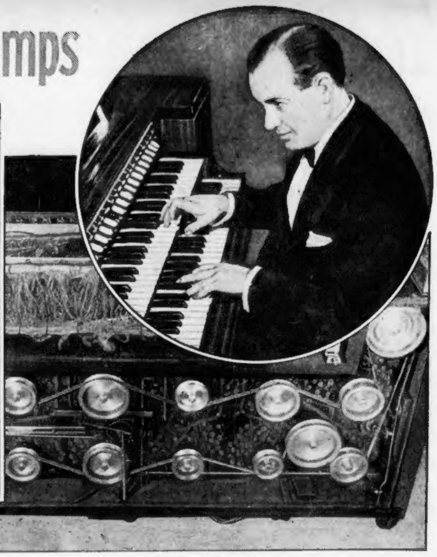
Pipeless Pipe Organ Played With Automobile Lamps



The Keyboard of the New Electrical Organ, Showing the Intricate Wiring and the 24 Stops, Which Lend It Many Combinations of "Effects."



Front View of the New Instrument, Showing the Shutter Disc Through Which Light From Auto Lamps Passes When Keys Are Pressed. The Light Affects Photo-Electrical Cells, Which Set Up Electrical Current, Then Amplified Into Tones Through a Loud-Speaker System.



The Shutter Discs, Which Pass Various Combinations of Light Rays, Are Kept Rotating by These Pulleys, Kept in Motion by an Electrical Motor. (Above) Leonard MacClain, Philadelphia Organist Playing the New Pipeless Pipe Organ.

DURING the past few weeks radio listeners have heard music which sounded for all the world like the melodious strains of a pipe organ. This music, notable for its ear-pleasing purity, was coming from an organ all right, but the ultra-modern instrument has no pipes, no reeds and no air chamber which has to be pumped full of wind. In short, these listeners-in were hearing a pipeless pipe organ.

The instrument, invented by Ivan Eremeef, of Philadelphia, is called the Photona.

As the photographs on this page show the "innards" of the Photona comprise a complicated array of wires, discs, electric bulbs, wheels and belts. This elaborate and highly efficient mechanism, plus several "electric eyes"—those little photo-electric cells that miraculously change light into sound—a battery of loud speakers, and an electric motor, does everything, and more, that could be done by the "works" of a standard pipe organ many times the size of the Photona.

In plain language the electric organ operates like this: Every one of its keys is an electric switch and when a key is pressed by the player a circuit is closed, causing the filament in a standard six-volt automobile light to glow brightly.

In front of this light is a disc in which many slits of various lengths are cut. This disc is revolving at just the right speed and it is placed between the automobile headlight bulb and an "electric eye." Light from the automobile bulb is diffused through the slits in the disc and falls on the highly sensitive "electric eye," and this cell transforms light into electric pulses, which are carried along wires to a loud speaker, where they become sound—pure, melodic sound.

The pipeless organ has a dozen of these discs all revolving at different speeds although the power which turns them comes from one motor. The variations in speed are taken care of by the system of wheels shown in the picture at the extreme right of the page.

On one side of the discs are 900 automobile light bulbs and on the other side are 10 photo-electric cells. Every time the keys are pressed one or more of the 900 bulbs lights up and this light shines briefly through one, or several, of the slits and onto the photo-electric cells. For every automobile light two tones are possible, which gives the pipeless organ 1,800 different tones, all of them remarkably clear and true.

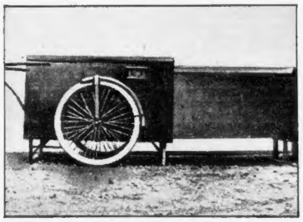
Because the tuning of the pipeless organ depends entirely on the speed at which the discs are revolved, once it is tuned properly it never will get off pitch, as is the case with reed organs and pipe organs.

The organ, for all its small size and the compactness of its machinery, has unimaginable volume. Provided with enough electric current the instrument could, literally, shake the windows out of any auditorium in the world and shatter the ear drums of listeners. It can whisper silvery notes or roar out booming chords.

Starts On Tour With His Own Invention — A Bicycle Sleeper

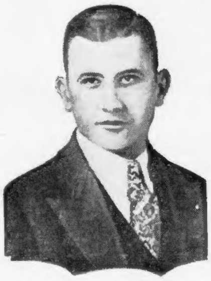
SOME weeks ago Chicagoans registered mild interest in a young man riding through the city streets on a bicycle towing a box-like trailer. Most of them probably thought that the machine was a delivery wagon for a grocery store or a tailor shop, for there are such vehicles rolling through the busy traffic of every good-sized city.

Joseph Dorocke was not delivering lamb chops and spinach nor hustling neatly pressed dresses and suits to waiting patrons. He was taking practice spins on his own sensible and interesting invention—a sort of bicycle Pullman car in which he plans to make an extended and leisurely tour of the West. Mr. Dorocke designed and built the machine himself in his spare time and it's an idea that hundreds of other people may take up now that they have been shown how inexpensively and comfortably one person can cover a lot of ground.



The Trailer, With Its Extension Pulled Out, Showing the Bed Which the Traveler Will Occupy During His Rest Periods Throughout the Trip.

The photograph at the left of the page shows how the little sleeper looks when it is on the road, fitted with a comfortable bunk and supply of groceries, extra clothes and reading matter. The trim car, loaded, weighs less than 200 pounds and is no trouble at all to pedal along, what with its pair of light wheels fitted with pneumatic tires. Of course, Dorocke can't make as good time as he can when his wheel is detached, but test runs proved that he can maintain a speed of better than 12 miles an hour in traffic and up to 20 miles an hour in the open country, on good roads. The owner of the bicycle Pullman believes that he will have no trouble at all covering as much as 75 miles a day with favorable weather and road conditions.



Young Mr. Dorocke, of Chicago, Photographed as He Started on His Bicycle Tour of the West.

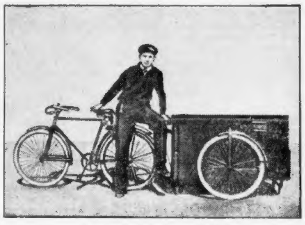
It may seem a burdensome job for the cyclist to be dragging along the extra weight, but it is no task at all on level or downhill grades. It is the uphill pedaling that, as the tests have shown, necessitate hard work. Throughout his tour the young cyclist undoubtedly will have to get off his seat and push the linked vehicles up many a steep grade, but he regards this possibility lightly because, as he points out, the work is compensated by the pleasant coasting down hill.

In the picture at the right of the page the telescoping sleeper is extended, that is, the inner section that slides into the slightly larger outer box is pulled to the rear practically doubling the length of the sleeping compartment and providing ample room for the pedaling tourist to stretch out and enjoy as good a night's sleep as he would in a roadside cabin or a hotel—and at no cost.

With such a small and light machine, Dorocke can, of course, go places where even the smallest automobiles would find traveling difficult and he can pick his camping spots with much more freedom of choice than the motoring tourist.

The home-made Pullman is amply protected against the weather so that its owner can keep cozy and dry during rain storms, or even dust storms.

Dorocke is no amateur tourist. Several times he has made auto tours, and it was then that he developed the idea of his sleeper, and the elimination of the motorists' problems of parking, refueling and finding shelter. Dorocke believes he has the advantage over the autoist.



Joseph Dorocke and His Bicycle and Trailer. The Trailer Has a Built-in Extension, Which Affords Sleeping Facilities.

A Sea of Brilliant Plumes

PARIS.

THE current edition of the Folies Bergere is the customary spectacle of sparkling color, tuneful music and daring displays of the feminine form. The producers, with their usual persuasions to what they call the tourist trade, as well as to local patronage, have worked up several new stunts. Outstanding among these divertissements is the scene shown at the right—the so-called Sea of Plumes.

Like most of the other skits in the show, this one is charmingly cluttered with shapely chorines several of whom play the roles of water sprites disporting themselves, unburdened by so much as a wisp of stage seaweed, in a theatrical ocean fashioned of feather fans. These fans, tinted in brilliant tones of blue and green are tipped with white and, when they are manipulated by the sprightly chorines, look very much like white-capped waves.

In the background of the scene is a sort of galley with a crew of more attractive young women who pull away at papier mache oars while half a dozen blonde-headed showgirls strike graceful postures on the upper deck beneath a silken sail.

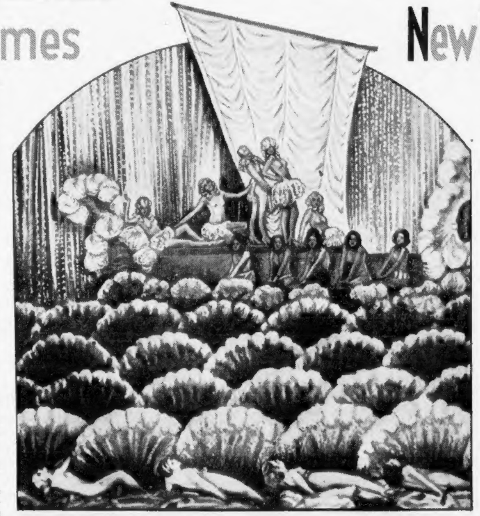
It's all very stagey, of course, and a typically Folies Bergere scene, but whoever taught the nymphs of the chorus to wave their big fans did an excellent job of coaching and, at times, the illusion is so perfect that the galley with its pretty freight actually seems to be moving through a choppy stretch of water.

To the tempo of the music the feathery waves move rhythmically. Sometimes they are gentle swells and at other times they seem whipped by a gale that would make the giant liner Normandie pitch and toss her thousand-foot hull, to say nothing of a fragile galley concocted of stage props.

It is reported, perhaps by the show's alert press agent, that the sea nymphs and the galley riders rehearsed six weeks before they got the entire routine down so that the fans, manipulated by more than thirty chorines, took on the desired marine effect. Anyhow, the illusion is effective.

Many Americans having a look-see at the French capital and its well-known attractions were more than a little confused after sitting through a performance of the Folies Bergere. They remembered that the authorities had been shocked at the fan dance of an American disciple of Terpsichore named Joan Warner and that the police had restrained the young woman from doing her entertaining stuff in the city's theatres or night clubs—yet the new edition of the Folies caused many a fun-seeking maid and matron to blush because the pretty performers out-Warnered Miss Warner and seemed to have forgotten their fans much of the time.

Only one conclusion could be drawn from this befuddling situation—that the French can take their fan dances or leave them alone, so long as the dancers do not hail from Broadway.



A Striking and Colorful Scene From the Folies Bergere, Paris, in Which Huge Ostrich Plumes, Suitably Colored, Give the Illusion of a Swelling Sea, With Nymphs Visible in the Foreground, and an Argosy of Beauty in the Background.

New Discoveries About Bees

THE industrious bee has come in for more attention from scientists than any other insect and enough has been written about the honey makers and their modes and manners to fill the shelves of a large library. But the bee still is not an open book to men of science and beekeepers and every year new information is brought to light about this interesting creature.

It used to be thought that bees knew their owners and came to have a certain code of behavior toward them which was not practiced on strangers. That, it was deduced, was why a farmer with a swarm of bees could work around the hives and let the insects swarm over his face and arms with little danger of getting stung. Also it explained why strangers to the spot would show good judgment and keep away from the bees if they did not want to suffer painful attack.

That idea, it now appears, is all wrong. Prof. James I. Hambleton, one of Uncle Sam's scientific experts who knows a lot about bees, is responsible for the statement that, as bright as bees are, they do not know their owner from Adam. In their multiple eyes one human being looks very much like another and when they sting it is not because they are peeved against strangers in their bailiwick.

"Anybody who works around bees gets stung once in a while," says Professor Hambleton, "and if the stranger or the novice around hives suffers more often than the expert, it is because he is nervous and afraid of the insects, and makes them uneasy. A man who understands bees can work in one apiary as well as another. Whether he's on his home grounds or somewhere else has nothing to do with it."

Most people have the mistaken notion that all bees can, and do, sting human beings. This, says the Government expert, is not so. Only the so-called worker bees sting and they do this only in defense of their hive. What's even more interesting is this—not all the workers go around implanting their little needles in persons they regard as enemies. Only a few of the workers are assigned to the business of guarding the hive. The great majority of the workers are much too busy buzzing back and forth between flowers and hive to devote any time to warlike pursuits.

This would never do, says Professor Hambleton, because when a bee stings, he loses, not only his stinger but his life as well. That's why, in the carefully planned economy of a bee colony, only a few sentries are put on military duty. If all the workers went around stinging, the mortality rate would be much too high for the efficient operation of a honey-making establishment.

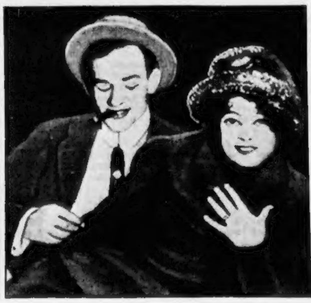
Scholarly scientists who have spent their lives trying to fathom the secrets of the bees are convinced that the honey-gatherers are among the most instinctively intelligent creatures on earth, and that it might be wise of us to emulate the busy bee in many ways to correct our economic ills.

To Settle the Mystery of Mae West

New York Courts Must Decide Whether She Is Mrs. Frank Wallace, Once a Brown-Haired Bride of 18, or a Genuine Blond Old Maid

Mae West and Her Famous Curves.

Mae West as a Baby—Is the Hair Blond or Brown?



Photograph of Frank Wallace and His Bride—Mae Certainly Was Not a Blonde Then.

Another Picture of Mae West as She Appeared in 1911 With Hair That Would Seem to Be Brown.

IS Mae West married, or isn't she? Frank Wallace, an obscure song-and-dance man, says he married her when she was eighteen years old, and points to the marriage record in Milwaukee twenty-four years ago. But Mae asserts, "I never heard of the guy."

This hurt Wallace's feelings and his friends began to guy him. So Frank has asked the courts of New York to settle the question whether Mae West married him or whether she didn't. Frank's lawyer asks for what is called a declaratory judgment, a rather unusual court proceeding, but it will give him a chance to lay his cards on the table and prove his case—if he can. Mae West will also have an opportunity to show that all the astonishing array of evidence is only a remarkable series of errors, coincidences and mistaken identity, or whatever can possibly be the explanation, unless it turns out that "Diamond Lil" was respectably married at the age of eighteen. If she is able to knock them all out, the court will no doubt declare that Mae West is not Mrs. Frank Wallace and forbid Mr. Wallace from ever thinking so again—out loud or in writing.

Whatever the decision, it will clear up one of the most astonishing mysteries of the moment—who is telling the truth, Frank or Mae? If Wallace did not really marry the celebrity, he must know it perfectly well, and how can he dare to come into open court where exposure is almost inevitable?

On the other hand, it is equally incredible that such a prominent public character as Mae West would dare to deny an event which purports to be a matter of official record and, if true, will surely be "nailed to her skirts."

Nor can Wallace be a forgotten man in Miss West's busy life. She says she never married anybody and since there are no other claimants for the denied honor, Frank, if he proves his case, will be the one and only husband. The disputed marriage is alleged to have been performed in 1911 when the bride was 18, quite a long time ago, but women do not forget their one and only husband—unless they are in their dotage or suffering from amnesia, neither of which is true of that nimble-witted actress.

When a man is so ungallant as to drag up to the light some disgraceful incident in a lady's past, it is not hard to understand why she should passionately deny it in the face of the most overwhelming evidence. But the dancing man is merely accusing her of being legally and decently married. Why deny anything so blameless unless it happens not to be true?

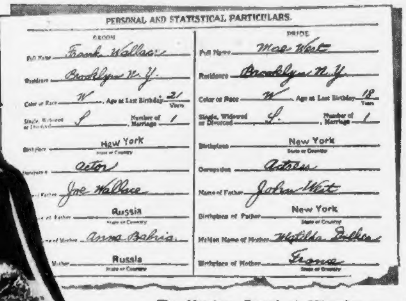
Wallace says he is convinced that the Mae West he married is the screen star, and that she remembers it well enough, but for various reasons does not wish to acknowledge him now. One reason, he says, is that she probably does not want to admit that she is forty-two years old. He says another reason is that now that she has reached the top of her profession she does not want people to believe she was once married to a song-and-dance man who has seen quite a bit of the seamy side of life. But the main reason, he says, is that several years after his marriage some sort of "legal" paper supposed to be concerned with a divorce was presented to him. Thus, he says, if the courts declare that she married him, the matter of this alleged divorce will have to be threshed out—and he thinks that might prove most unpleasant for a number of persons.

Somehow none of these arguments is very convincing to Mae's friends. Quite likely Miss West does not care to be "dated" as in her forties, but if it is a matter of public record she knows it cannot be contested and the best way to have it forgotten would be to admit it. Nor would it seem important that the alleged husband has seen much of the seamy side of life. Miss West is a self-made woman who worked her way to the top from the very bottom of the theatrical profession, where she saw plenty of the seamy side herself.

Wallace says that he was handed the paper purporting to show that there had been some sort of divorce on Long Island. But he tore up that paper and there is no record of any such proceeding, genuine or otherwise. As Mae West has not married since, it is not clear that her wedding to Wallace could make much unpleasantness for anyone. If Wallace is her husband, she can get rid of him by serving a little time at Reno. She might even do it in New York, naming as corespondent Miss Ray Blakesley, his second wife, a dancer who married him in 1916 and divorced him in 1933.

As Mr. Wallace points out, he was not the one who "spilled the beans" about Mae's respectably-married past which she denies. Not long ago Milwaukee, instead of having its white-collar relief workers lean on shovels, set them to re-indexing old municipal records. Deep down in the documentary stratum of 1911, they unearthed the yellow and dusty marriage record, which is reproduced on this page,

Frank Wallace, the Brooklyn Song-and-Dance Man, Who Says He Married Mae West. This Picture Shows Him with His New Stage Partner, Trixie la May.



PERSONAL AND STATISTICAL PARTICULARS.

GROOM		BRIDE	
Full Name	Frank Wallace	Full Name	Mae West
Residence	Brooklyn N. Y.	Residence	Brooklyn N. Y.
Color or Race	W	Color or Race	W
Age at Last Birthday	21 Years	Age at Last Birthday	18 Years
Single, Widowed or Divorced	S	Single, Widowed or Divorced	S
Number of Marriage	1	Number of Marriage	1
Birthplace (State or Country)	New York	Birthplace (State or Country)	New York
Occupation	actor	Occupation	actress
Name of Father	Joe Wallace	Name of Father	John West
Birthplace of Father (State or Country)	Russia	Birthplace of Father (State or Country)	New York
Maiden Name of Mother	Anna Babria	Maiden Name of Mother	Matilda Dilker
Birthplace of Mother (State or Country)	Russia	Birthplace of Mother (State or Country)	France

The Marriage Record at Milwaukee on April 11, 1911. This Shows Mae's Residence to Be Correct, and Her Father's and Mother's Names Exactly as They Should Be.

Soon after, somebody discovered Frank Wallace living in New York City.

A modest and self-effacing man—almost unbelievably so, for one engaged in the theatrical profession—Mr. Wallace was at first reluctant about discussing his past. As he now explains it, for a quarter of a century he had been nursing a broken heart in silence, believing that the theatrical career of the one great love of his life would be hampered if the world was ever told that she had married a "hoofer" in her youth. But when he was informed that Miss West had curtly said she "never heard of the guy," his feelings were hurt.

It was one thing to suffer in silence, believing that the beloved in her glory remembered and appreciated his great sacrifice, perhaps thinking of him every day. But it was quite another to be kidded as an impostor, "the husband Mae West never heard of." So he retained a lawyer who arranged to have him show his cards in court and get a decision.

That municipal record proves beyond question that some sort of a Frank Wallace married some sort of a Mae West. However, there are always a lot of Frank Wallaces in the population and probably a few Mae Wests. It might be that the movie queen was not involved, nor, for that matter, this particular Wallace. Miss West dismissed the possibility in one sentence: "I never was in Milwaukee until about four years ago."

But the more that record is studied the more amazing the coincidence grows, if it is a coincidence. The age given for the bridegroom, 21, is right for this Frank. Whether Mae's 18 suits or not remains to be proved. Occupations of actor and actress are correct. All that would make it a striking though not incredible coincidence. But the bride's father is recorded as John West. Admitting that any Mae West's father might be John as well as any other, the mother's name is Matilda Dilker West. If that fits it must be extraordinary indeed, and according to friends of the celebrity, both parents are correctly recorded. And that is not all.

The father of the actress who married Wallace was born, according to the marriage record, in New York and the mother in France—and it has been reported that the star's father was also born in New York and her mother in Alsace-Lorraine, which, prior to 1871 was a part of France, as it is today. Another point brought out by the marriage register is that Wallace's bride gave her residence as Brooklyn, New York, which is said to be the place where the famous Miss West lived in her youth. The names and birthplaces of the groom's parents and his residence at the time also fit the facts.

The Milwaukee record does not bear the signatures of the couple that was married—the law at that time apparently not requiring the contracting parties to sign the register. The officials whose names are on the register say they do not recall the circumstances of the marriage. Wallace says one witness, Arthur Shutkin, was an employe in the courthouse. The other, Etta H. Wood, an actress, who was also appearing with them at the Gaiety Theatre, is supposed to be living today somewhere in New Jersey, and Wallace hopes to have her testify at the trial.

"I also hope to introduce letters Mae wrote me," he says. "But I cannot show those letters now—because they are in a trunk that is being held for a $400 debt, and that is a lot of money for a man in my present position."

Wallace tells why he believes his bride was the only genuine and only authentic Mae. He says he first met Mae in 1909 when her mother brought her to his dressing room in a Brooklyn theatre to suggest that he and her daughter work up a double act.

"We rehearsed in Mrs. West's basement," he says, "but nothing came of the act, and Mae went out on one circuit and I on another. Some time later I ran across her again, and she was so lovely that I could hardly believe what I heard when Mae herself suggested that we team up in a double act. So we went on the road together in a vaudeville act called 'A Florida Enchantment.'

"One April night in 1911, after the performance at the Gaiety Theatre in Milwaukee, I bought her a soda, and afterwards we sat on a park bench. Mae was restless, and when I asked her what was the matter she said she guessed she would have to spell it for me.

"I knew what she meant, all right—and my heart beat like a tom-tom, words stuck in my throat, and my cheeks burned. So the next morning we got married. She wanted to keep the marriage a secret, so at the end of the season she went to live with her parents in Brooklyn and I lived with mine in Maspeth, Long Island.

"Later we went out on different circuits. Then one day in 1915 I ran across her sitting in a fine, big automobile on Broadway with James Timoney, her present manager.

"Timoney told me not to kid myself. He said I ought to realize my marriage to Mae was a fizzle and that she could not afford to be married because there was a future waiting for her in the show business.

"Not long after that I saw him again and he told me divorce proceedings had been started on Long Island. I had a nervous breakdown, and while I was in the midst of it, Mae's sister Beverly came to my room in the Chesterfield Hotel and gave me a paper. I was in no condition to know what it was. It might have been a complaint and summons, or a divorce decree, or anything. Later, Timoney telephoned me that the divorce had been granted. He asked me to tear up the paper, and I did."

A recent check of records on Long Island failed to disclose any evidence of this alleged divorce.

Against these claims stands little more than the flat and curt denials by Mae, her sister Beverly and Manager Timoney. So little has been given out on that side as to lead to the suspicion that Miss West, as a playwright, may be constructing things for one of those tremendous dramatic climaxes.

For instance, it would perhaps be possible to let Wallace pile up his evidence, enough to convict an angel, which Miss West might be able to blow to smithereens with one gesture.

She might ask the court to appoint a committee of disinterested hair experts to determine whether she is a genuine or bleached blonde. If the learned hair scientists find that she is a natural blonde, then by Mr. Wallace's own admission she cannot be the girl he married in 1911. He says that his bride at that time had brown hair.

What Make-up, Clothes, Feathers and Jewels Do for Mae West.

How Mae West Looks in Street Clothes Without Her Stage Make-up.

Guns Show Curious Facts About Suicides

MORE than six hundred guns, ranging in size from a small, single-shot .22 caliber pistol to 12-gauge shotguns comprise the collection gathered by George H. Bostwick of Denver, during the twenty-two years he has been connected with the coroner's office. And each gun represents some person who decided life wasn't worth living and ended it all. The highest valuation placed on any one gun in the collection is about $25.

"And the person to whom it belonged," said Mr. Bostwick, "probably made the purchase long before contemplating suicide. The fact that an old, cheap, perhaps rusty gun picked up in a second-hand store might not do its intended work, never seems to be taken into consideration. And the fact remains, too, that not many suicides are averted because the gun did not shoot, but because of the failure to aim correctly. Few persons actually know the exact position of the heart, yet fifty per cent of the suicides by gunshot meant to aim at the heart. Shooting at the head is more often committed before a mirror and the customary way is to aim at the temple or side of the head, when the back of the head would be the more vital spot and cause instantaneous death. There are a few cases of total blindness and not death as the result of firing a gun at the temple.

"Firing a second shot, in case the first did not take immediate effect, is rare. And in these instances it is hard to be sure whether it was a murder or a suicide. The contraction of the muscles from the pain inflicted by the first shot makes it almost impossible for the person committing suicide to take the second aim accurately and fire the second shot. It has been done, however, but only with an automatic.

Suicides in the Western cities are five to one in favor of the gun for a weapon. This perhaps is because of our traditional cowboy and association with the six-shooter, shotgun and rifle since the day of the pioneer. There is also much gunplay in our magazine and newspaper stories and the power of suggestion probably accounts for the number of suicides in the West by guns. And while the head and the heart are the main death targets, a sailor almost always shoots himself by placing the gun in his mouth. The reason for this may be the power of suggestion. Some sailor started it and it became the fad.

According to the Coroner's Statistics Sailors Bent on Suicide Almost Invariably Shoot Themselves in the Mouth. Some Sailor Started It and That Method Seems to Have Become a Tradition.

"Seldom does a relative put in a claim for a suicide's gun, and even then I do not contend that claim is justifiable," adds Mr. Bostwick. "In reality the gun belongs to no one. I have as much right to keep it then as anyone and only if it is proved that the gun was stolen or borrowed, do I return it."

The coroner's office in Denver, as in most cities, must investigate every death occurring in the city when a licensed physician was not in attendance at the time. This includes all violent deaths, murders, suicides and accidental deaths.

Mr. Bostwick has made a hobby of keeping statistics on every case investigated, and has classified each death into many different divisions and subdivisions. These records disclose that fewer deaths occur between midnight and 7 A. M., and none at all between the hours of 3 or 4 in the morning.

Women lead the men in the number of suicide attempts, but the men are the more successful. This is explained by the difference in the temperament of the sexes. A woman will have a quarrel and then drink a weak poison or antiseptic more for a bluff, while the men usually make their plans ahead of time and make sure of their success before they act. The bluffer, even among men, rarely commits suicide. The real suicide does it in seclusion, says nothing and acts naturally to the last.

But today, quarrels and love affairs are not the main causes for suicides. It is illness. "Yet I am amazed," says Mr. Bostwick, "at how people get along in these trying times. I am always predicting more suicides than actually take place. I have learned that the middle class and those who try to keep up with the Joneses seem to suffer most from reverses."

Many a body would lie in an unmarked grave in Potter's Field were it not for the diligent work on the part of the coroner's office. Many an unidentified person has died, seemingly without any possible clue as to who he might be. But Mr. Bostwick refuses to give up and has worked on many cases more than a year before locating relatives or friends and in one case he waited eight years. During all this time, the body was kept in cold storage.

"The law says twenty-four hours," Bostwick explains, "but I disregard this for the service I may render a relative or friend in keeping a loved one from being placed in an unmarked grave. Furthermore, I never show a corpse to a curious public. Only those with sincere intentions of trying to identify a person are allowed to look upon the dead. And the fact remains, too, that Denver has fewer unidentified persons than any place in the United States."

Many persons regard Mr. Bostwick's job as about the least desirable of all jobs, but he likes it. In fact, he has often slept in the city morgue with as many as fifteen and twenty bodies in the next room. And he has never seen a ghost.

As for guns, part of the collection is kept in a huge vault where they are suspended on small spikes fastened to a board. Here the old horse pistol, Spanish gun and pearl-handled revolver all signify the same thing—death by choice.

"Sin And Be Saved," The Slogan Of Strange Nude Cult

TWENTY-FOUR nude women and ten nude men stood lined up in a forest in Rumania near the village of Recea, recently, all under arrest.

"What is the meaning of this?" thundered Police Captain Manstadt, scowling at his policemen who were laughing at the spectacle.

"We are Innocentists," Carol Bovitza finally replied, after looking about and seeing that their leaders, "God's Envoy" and the "Holy Mother," had escaped.

"Innocentists," shouted the captain. "You look anything else on earth except innocents. Come, come now, fellow, what is the meaning of this disgraceful state of affairs?"

The thirty-four nudes stood proudly, and unabashed, before their captors, waiting for Bovitza to explain.

"It is our religion," Bovitza said, as though that should explain everything.

"Religion? Religion! Running around together naked? It's the Devil's religion, then. Who ever heard of such a thing?" Captain Manstadt demanded.

"Every one has heard of such a thing."

A comely young woman of about twenty said that. They looked at her questionably. She faced them calmly, smilingly, quite as self-possessed as though she wore the latest mode of gown, instead of only the smooth, health-tinted epidermis that nature had given her.

"No one ever heard of it, you shameless girl!" bellowed the police captain.

"Adam and Eve, in the garden," the girl said.

The other nudes smiled approvingly and nodded.

Now Police Captain Manstadt is an educated man. He believed that he could disprove the girl's argument in one sentence. "Yes, true," he said, "and they were driven from the garden because they were naked! Naked, the way you shameless ones are!"

A Comely Young Nudist, as Unashamed As If She Were Clad in the Latest Fashion Instead of Only Her Tanned Skin, Stepped Up to the Astonished Police Captain and Naively Reminded Him of Adam and Eve.

"Not because they were naked, Captain," Bovitza spoke up, "but because they had sinned!"

"Ah! And I suppose all you little cherubs have not sinned?"

There was a world of sarcasm in the Captain's words.

"But we have, Captain, all of us—that is our cult. That is how we shall be saved," Bovitza confessed.

"Nonsense. Are you making sport of the majesty of the law? It is not permissible for males and females to go about together, nude, like this."

"We have to sin to be saved," Carol Bovitza said, stubbornly. "Should one wipe a slate that is already clean? Only those who have sinned can be saved!"

"That's blasphemy!" Captain Manstadt shouted. "There is no authority for such a libel of God's truth."

"But there is, Captain," Bovitza persisted, "there is plenty of authority."

"I challenge you to cite one word of such authority."

"In the gospel of St. Luke, Captain, in the seventh verse of the fifteenth chapter. There we are given our authority, for it says:

"'I say unto you, that likewise joy shall be in heaven over one sinner, that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons which need no repentance.'

"You see, Captain," Bovitza continued, "we sin, then we repent, and there is joy in heaven and we are saved."

"Enough of this," Captain Manstadt finally said, "you have violated our laws. You must stand trial."

He sent some of his men back to the nearest settlement to borrow garments or blankets to cover these prisoners. He could not, he realized, march thirty-four nude men and women along the public highway and into the village of Recea. And so they were locked up.

But the locking up of these followers of the startling new cult they call "Innocentists," will not, it is feared, stamp out this religious sect. It seems to be growing stronger despite every effort to put an end to it.

Reports drifted in, now and then, that groups of nude men and women had been discovered together here and there in the deep forests that cover the foothills of the Carpathian mountains in Bessarabia. Bessarabia belonged to the Russian Empire when that empire existed. In 1918 it became a part of Rumania, but the natives have remained more Russian than Rumanian. Furthermore, being outside the rule of Soviet Russia and the Soviet laws which have disavowed God and banned religion, these Bessarabians have continued in their worship.

How long this nude cult has been flourishing is not known. Reports of seeing these nudists, who believed that the only way to salvation lay through sinning, had been coming in for about a year. Some of the lumbermen first reported seeing these people. Then came reports from young men who tended the cattle that grazed in the grassy slopes between the forest hills.

When one responsible and reliable young cattle owner reported that he had crept upon these nudist gatherings and spied them holding what he termed as "indescribably sinful orgies" in a cave, the authorities decided to take action.

With great patience, and cleverness in woodcraft, Captain Manstadt finally led his men, piloted by the young man who had brought in the report, to one of the caves. Just as they were about to pen them in, Captain Manstadt thought of something. There might be another outlet to the cave.

He sent two men around to find such an outlet, but he and his men did not rush in on the nudists soon enough.

Two of the crowd escaped through the secret exit before the police could stop them. The remaining thirty-four naked "Innocentists" were easily captured. They were dragged out into the bright sunlight, lined up before the apparently shocked Police Captain Manstadt and his laughing policemen, and the questioning was started that led to Brother Bovitza's naive explanation that one cannot have any reason to wipe a clean slate, nor can a man or woman be forgiven of sin until they have sinned.

The identity of the two nudes who escaped, a man and a woman, was learned from the attractive Miss Ogra Steptri. It was the unblushing Miss Steptri who reminded police Captain Manstadt that nakedness was not new—that there had been nakedness in the Garden of Eden.

"The two who escaped?" Miss Stepri repeated. "Ah, you will never catch them, we are all happy to say. They are our great leaders. They can explain our Innocentist cult so much better than any of the rest of us. They are Dimitri Culeac, a handsome big young man who tells us that he is God's Envoy. With him is Ana Biruc. Ana is thirty, and such a beautiful and jolly woman. She calls herself the 'Holy Mother.'"

"Are any of you married?" she was asked.

"Not I—some of us, yes, but husbands and wives are never in the same groups. Or sometimes a wife belongs to our cult and a husband does not, or it is the other way around. They are not told, of course."

There is a difference of opinion in the village about all of this. And there is a suspicion that some who agree that the Innocentists have a right to their own so-called religious cult may secretly be members who go up to the caves and then become nudists and sin, that they may be forgiven and saved.

Threats of all sorts of punishment failed to make any of those who were arrested divulge names of other members or the locations of any of the caves and other hiding places.

In the nearest village of Recea, in noted Kishnev, and throughout Bessarabia, there is far more argument than shock over this discovery of the "Adam and Eve Cult."

Safety Razor Blades Used 6000 Years Ago

SIX milleniums ago, four thousand years before the birth of Christ, in the dim stone ages of Mesopotamia, man had his safety razor blades, long before the use of copper, to say nothing of iron and steel. And very much similar to the present-day blade, those ancient razors had two cutting edges.

But the busy man of Mesopotamia had no need to worry with dull blades, for as soon as one showed any evidence of dullness, he merely struck a piece of stone, and immediately he had a blade of a keenness that can hardly be duplicated today with the finest steel.

Jotham Johnson, assistant to the director of the Museum of the University of Pennsylvania, cracked one of these blades from its "package," and despite its age of over 6000 years, it presented two cutting edges that promised the finest of shaves.

Digging at the twelfth level of Tepe Gawra, the oldest city in the world, that mound in Mesopotamia that goes back thousands of years before history itself, Charles Bache, in charge of the Museum expedition, came upon evidences of the life of a people who had been dead three thousand years before Homer sang. He found a pot in which were still the remains of the bones of a lamb-stew that had been abandoned when the conquerors came. And among these many reminders of everyday life of that ancient time he found the razor blades.

These blades are made of obsidian, a natural volcanic glass. Strangely enough this substance is not found in nature at Tepe Gawra, and its presence there shows that these ancient people carried on commerce, and these razor blades evidently came from Armenia.

Obsidian is found in many parts of the world today, but ancient people valued it highly for its cutting properties. It is found in rough pieces weighing from ten to twenty pounds. These rough pieces were fashioned into cylinders. Then, whenever a fresh blade was needed, all that was necessary was to strike this cylinder on the top, a sharp blow with a stone and a long, thin blade of great keenness would crack off.

And just as the old safety razor blade today has found many uses, so the ancient inhabitants of Tepe Gawra used their old blades to cut and work leather. In fact, the old razor blades were the small knives of the times—6000 years ago—and were used by the various artisans.

Obsidian is very hard, in fact it is a glass, yet at the twelfth level at Tepe Gawra Mr. Bache found a small bowl fashioned from this material. Marks upon it show that it was ground out on a wheel. How this was accomplished is one of the mysteries of archeology. It would be like taking a solid block of glass today and grinding it into a bowl. Since obsidian was the hardest substance probably known to these people, the question presents itself, how did they grind out this little bowl?

To make the mystery of the bowl even more baffling, it has a spout. This would be a tremendously difficult feat to accomplish today with modern machinery, the grinding of a bowl, with a spout, out of solid glass, yet these men who did not even know of copper accomplished this feat.

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3 New York Women Heirs To All Labrador?

WITHIN the next few months three New York women may be awarded, by the British Government, territory larger than most nations of Europe and of untold riches.

For years there has been a three-cornered court struggle to obtain possession of Labrador, a huge peninsula on the coast of Canada, now practically uninhabited, but known to contain rich stores of gold and other precious minerals. Canada claimed it was part of the Province of Quebec; Newfoundland claimed it belonged to her, and in Montreal a Portuguese-Jewish rabbi claimed that it had been given to his ancestors by King William III of England in 1697, after the British monarch had been rescued from drowning. Present value of the territory is estimated at $10,000,000, and the New York women, it is said, have been offered $1,500,000 by an American company for the development rights.

Rev. Isaac de la Penha, who ministered over a long period to the Portuguese Jews in Montreal, maintained his claim for years. In April last he died, just as his goal was in sight, and he is survived by his wife and two sisters, all of whom live in New York City. Just previous to Mr. de la Penha's death, he received word from the Home Office of the British Government that a decision on his claim would be made within a very few months. Accompanying the announcement was a very encouraging letter.

The grant of Labrador was made as a perpetual inheritance by King William to Joseph de la Penha, documents which the Montreal rabbi had, and which are now in the possession of his London solicitor, indicated. The ancestor receiving the grant was one of a party, which took possession of Labrador in 1667 and there fixed the coat of arms of Nassau and of Orange, and when later he saved the British King from drowning, this vast territory, which then was considered of practically no value, was bestowed upon him and his heirs forever.

The document giving Labrador to the de la Penha family is written in Dutch. Translated, it reads, in part: "William by the grace of God King of England, Scotland, France and Ireland, Prince of Orange, Hereditary Governor and Stadholder of Gelderland and the County of Zutphen, Holland, Zeeland, Westfriesland, Utrecht, Overijssel and the Province of Drenthe, Hereditary Captain General and Admiral of the United Provinces—

The Claim to Labrador Is Based on a Grant Made to the Family of de la Penha by King William in 1667. It Had Been Known Up to That Time Only Because It Was Famous for Shipwrecks Off Its Shores.

"Makes known:

"Whereas, in the year of 1667 discoveries and possessions have been made in our name of certain territories situated in the northern part of America formerly in no one's possession but known for shipwrecks suffered on the coasts under the name of Labrador, Central and Estotiland, and that since the aforementioned taking possession, on the twenty-third day of September of the said year, our Coat of Arms of Nassau and Orange have been fixed there in order that we might dispose of them to people who may wish to establish there a commerce under our authority and protection;

"As such and being willing at the instance of Joseph de la Penha, citizen and inhabitant of the City of Rotterdam, by virtue of the heretofore mentioned taking possession of said territories and land thereunto belonging, having granted and do grant by these unto Joseph de la Penha the nominal and territorial rights, high, middle and lower jurisdictions to and over the said territories and the coast as far as it extends from the 54th to the 60th degree of northern latitudes, with all the land, woods, forests, rivers, fruits and fisheries situated therein of the same, with the full right, never ceasing, perpetual for immortal tenure, inheritance for them and his lawful heirs and successors, be they men or conformably to the regulations of the Feudal Law."

Other documents signed by the King and his ministers are also held to prove the validity of the claim.

Joseph de la Penha apparently never bothered to exercise his claim, except in so far as he made the feudal payments that were necessary to ensure its validity. He then tucked the documents away in a chest, and they were all but forgotten. Handed down from father to son they finally reached the Montreal rabbi, and he was the first to fight for the claim. Now, as the court battle seems near completion, his rights have been handed over to his wife in New York and his two sisters, and they seem likely to inherit the peninsula.

Granting of the claim is considered quite likely by Canadian lawyers, and there are many precedents to go by. The Hudson's Bay Company, which had been granted the entire rights to all the northern half of Canada when it was the Company of Gentlemen Adventurers, successfully established its claim less than fifty years ago, when it came to a court battle. It, however, was willing to relinquish this right in order that the Dominion of Canada might extend to the Pacific Coast. In return, it received a huge financial payment from the Dominion Government and was allowed to retain great stretches of its original territories.

Should the de la Penha claim be upheld, Mrs. de la Penha and her husband's two sisters will come into a large fortune. While they already have the offer of over a million dollars from an American company, it is likely that the Dominion Government or the Government of Newfoundland would seek to purchase the territory from them outright. The cash price would be in the neighborhood of ten million dollars.

Ten Mysteries About What We Eat

Some of Us Get Sick on Foods That Others Enjoy---Fats and Proteins "Vanish" When Eaten---Some Foods Cure Specific Diseases, but No One Knows Why, and Scientists Still Can't Explain the Complete Operation of the Digestive System

Jack Spratt, Who Could Eat No Fat, and His Wife, Who Could Eat No Lean, Are Well-Known Mother Goose Characters, and Now Doctors Have Discovered That There Actually Are People Who Cannot Eat Much Fat Meat, While Others Require This Food.

Two White Rats Born in the Same Litter Which Show the Results of Diet. The Larger Rat Was Fed Bread and Milk and Weighs Nearly Five Times as Much as His Brother, Who Had Only Bread and Apples.

On Left—Miss Ima Whale, 630 Pounds Net, Dancing With "Transparent William," the Living Skeleton, Both Circus Side-Show Celebrities. Miss Whale (Her Stage Name) Eats Very Little, While Willie Has a Healthy Normal Appetite, but What They Eat Seems to Have Little Effect on Their Respective Weights.

Jack Spratt could eat no fat,
His wife could eat no lean;
And so betwixt them both, you see,
They licked the platter clean.

THIS nursery rhyme, familiar to almost every child, was first published by James Howell in 1659, and now, 276 years later, science has discovered that Howell's amusing little rhyme is based on scientific fact. There really are people in the world whose digestive machinery refuses to allow them to eat more than a minimum of fat, while there are other people in the world so constructed that their systems require a considerable amount of fat.

Most people forget all about their digestions until these intricate machines begin to rattle or squeak, or get painful. Then the unfortunate owner wonders what mysterious cog has slipped, or what he ate that disagreed with him, or what else happened to disturb the formerly smoothly-running set of chemical retorts and test tubes inside him and turned them into a liability instead of an asset.

Sometimes scientists wonder still more about these mysterious digestive disturbances, for despite the fact that physicians have been observing human digestion for at least 3,000 years there are still more things unknown about this phase of the human machine than are known and agreed to by everybody.

Some time ago one of the foremost physiological chemists in the world, Professor Lafayette B. Mendel of Yale University, listed ten outstanding mysteries that still exist about human digestion.

On Left—A Characteristic Case of Rickets ("Soft Bones") Which Can Be Averted and Cured by Proper Diet.

The first of Professor Mendel's mysteries is what becomes of all the fat that makes up about a third of the average person's food. What happens to the starch and sugar is reasonably well known, as also the disposal of part of the butter and oil and similar fats. Yet when the chemist strikes a balance between the total fat that is swallowed and fat that is known about, a big discrepancy occurs. What becomes of it? Is this one of the reasons too much fatty food makes some people sick? Or, as has recently been discovered, why absolute lack of all fatty foods makes everybody sick?

The second mystery is a similar one. It is what happens to the protein in the food, the material that comes from lean meat. Like the fat, a part of this protein vanishes without disclosing to anybody where it hides or what it turns into. The third set of digestive mysteries has to do with minerals—like the iron in vegetables and lime in milk, or the sodium in salt. Some of the uses of these things are known, but not all.

Green leaves and other emerald-colored foods constitute still other puzzles named in Professor Mendel's list. Some people don't like green foods and seldom eat them. Other people follow the physician's prescription now fashionable, and consume pound on pound of spinach, watercress and similar materials but little removed from ordinary grass. Which set of individuals is right? The yellow material in carrots recently has been discovered to be the raw material of one of the vitamins. Is the same thing true, perhaps, of the green chemical in leaves?

Many people nowadays obey their doctors and eat hundreds of pounds of liver; so much so, that the price of that particular commodity has soared to many times what it was a few years ago. Just what does this liver do in the body to produce the effects which it undoubtedly has on various kinds of blood disease? Still another set of mysteries concern some of the vitamins, substances which no chemist ever has seen, but the existence and properties of which are inferred from what happens to a person who eats, or fails to eat, certain kinds of food.

The food values of fruit acids of many fruits also are uncertain. How the digested food from the stomach and other organs is transported to parts of the body where it is needed is another matter which Dr. Mendel lists as imperfectly known. Whether or not alcohol is a food, puzzles scientists no less than prohibitionists and anti-prohibitionists.

And finally, tenth on Dr. Mendel's list, is the mystery of why some kinds of food seem to make some people swell up with a false kind of fat that is mostly water, while other kinds of food dispose of this extra watery layer around the body so quickly that it seems almost magical. And then, to top the list of ten digestive mysteries with an eleventh, another experimenter, Mr. Thomas L. Patterson, presented recently to the New York Academy of Sciences a long paper, proving, among other things, that nobody knows why it is painful to get hungry; although not even the scientists have any doubts that starvation pangs are real.

What happens to the fats in the food is tied up with the mysterious condition called acidosis, which probably everybody has been told by some doctor that he had or might get. Like almost everything else in the food, fats are burned slowly in the body to generate energy and heat, much as olive oil or suet might be set on fire under a boiler and burned to make steam. Fat in the fire usually makes a bad smell, because not all of the fat burns to the pure and odorless gases into which it can be turned by enough heat and oxygen. Instead, some of the materials of the fat do not burn completely, thus giving the evil-smelling substances left when fat catches fire and burns in the ordinary way.

A good deal of this same kind of thing can happen in the human body when fat is eaten. Not all of the fat is burned completely. Some of the products of partial combustion hang around in the body and make the victim more or less sick. One of the things that this may cause is what is called acidosis. People who are partly sick all the time, over-lazy, afflicted with headaches and other pains, may be victims of this particular burning of fats in the body.

Apparently some people are much more subject to this than others, so that they scarcely dare eat fat at all; just as others dare eat but little if any sugar. One of the most important things for any human being to learn about himself or herself, as quickly and as surely as possible, is whether there exists any tendency to this incomplete burning of fat so that acidosis and related conditions become probabilities.

The mystery which Professor Mendel mentioned about the need, use and disposal of the proteins may be even more important than the problem of what happens to the fat, for the products of digestion of these lean-meat materials seem to be closely related to the workings of the nervous system and to what happens in the brain.

Like the fats, the proteins of lean meat can be burned, if everything is right, to simple, harmless gases like the carbon dioxide gas ordinarily breathed out from the lungs. This, however, seldom occurs. The burning of the proteins in the body usually is not complete. Some of the materials produced are called purins, and these, or related materials produced, are believed to have a great deal to do with keeping up mental and bodily energy. Much protein in the diet seems to be stimulating, especially to the nervous system, but there is another thing that varies in different individuals, nobody knows how or why. Often one hears one member of a family protest that he or she cannot eat meat. Others laugh at this as a fancy and protest that anybody who wants to can eat anything. Still other people think that they must eat meat two or three times a day. Otherwise they get tired or feel out of condition.

The curious thing is that modern science agrees with all of these people. Some individuals have what is called a low tolerance for proteins. A very moderate amount of meat gives them too many of the purin substances or some other product of partial burning of the proteins. This makes them sick. Other individuals can get along with much meat or with little meat, depending upon the accidents of their diet. They can burn up the proteins completely or not, just as circumstances require.

Still other people really must have a great deal of meat in order to be well and happy. Apparently the by-products of meat digestion are produced too scantily unless there is a great deal of meat to digest. All these differences might be better known and easier for the doctors to care for if science knew more about the still mysterious details of protein digestion to which Professor Mendel referred.

A few years ago even the existence of important mysteries about the absorption of minerals through digestion was not dreamt of. Nowadays it is known that iron is needed for the blood, lime salts for the nerves and probably a score of more of other mineral elements for other organs of the body. Tin has been found in the tongue, silver in the heart and liver, lead in several organs, and so on. No one knows how necessary these mineral elements are, or whether they are necessary at all. Perhaps they merely are present accidentally, like the small amounts of sand which people may eat with vegetable foods such as asparagus and spinach. What the minerals are needed for and how they are acquired constitute Professor Mendel's third mystery.

Closely related to these matters of minerals in digestion are those of the special gland foods, such as liver, sweetbreads and others. There is no doubt that these special foods contain various substitutes not present in foods in general.

Liver, for example, is known to contain both iron and copper in special forms. Liver with both of these mineral elements aids blood formation, which is why doctors insist on it for certain kinds of disease. Yet the iron alone apparently is no good, nor the copper alone. Both must be present at the same time, and apparently both must exist in certain more or less definite combinations. Solutions or salts of iron or copper will not do, even if mixed together. Some mysterious chemical form in which these elements exist in natural liver seems to be a necessity.

Possibly this iron-and-copper mystery of liver is like the equally deep mysteries of the vitamins. Some few of the vitamins are reasonably well-known; such as the "sunshine" vitamin called Vitamin D, the Vitamin C that cures scurvy, the vitamin which exists in eggs and butter, and so on. Yet there certainly are other vitamins about which the available information is almost nothing. Obscure nervous disorders were traced to lack of one called Vitamin B, but further experiments showed this Vitamin B to consist of at least three separate materials, if not a half dozen of them.

One of these separable parts of Vitamin B seems to be the controlling factor in appetite. Some members of a family are always hungry and will eat practically anything. Other members, apparently in just as good health, have to force themselves to eat, or else cooks must devise new and appetizing dishes to tempt them to do so. Nowadays doctors suspect that such differences are due largely to different amounts of Vitamin B absorbed by the individuals in question, but just how this vitamin works and just why it is that some people seem to need so much more of it than others remains one of the mysteries.

The acids of fruits and vegetables, like the citric acid of oranges and lemons, the malic acid of apples and some other fruits, or the tartaric acid of grapes and wine, are responsible for many mixups between too much or too little acidity in the body. Oranges themselves are acid, yet orange juice may be a good cure for body acidity. Sugary and starchy foods usually leave acid residues in the system, so that these foods tend towards excess acidity.

Most of the fruit acids, on the other hand, are consumed in the body to leave a kind of ash or residue which is not acid but alkaline, so that these foods usually tend against body acidity. But there are many exceptions, and, as Professor Mendel said, many mysteries which still need explanation.

Related to this matter of acidity in the body and its opposite condition of alkalinity are probably the mysterious changes in fatness apparently caused by foods. Not all of the bulk of the average fat person is real fat. Often a large part of it is water.

Oftentimes these sudden variations of weight are blamed on bad scales, although they may occur even when the person concerned is weighed on the same scales day after day. In fact, they are likely to be caused not by loss or gain of fat, but by loss or retention of water.

An extreme of this kind of thing is the disease called dropsy, when all of the flesh of the body becomes more or less watery.

What makes this occur no one knows, although there is excellent evidence that it is related to the food and that it has something to do with the balance of the body between too much acidity and too little.

Once more, people differ in all this, just as they do in their ability to consume fat or protein, or their needs for different kinds and amounts of vitamins. What makes papa swell up and loosen his belt may make mama thinner and less watery, or may fail to affect grandpa at all. It is all a matter of the mysterious differences between individual digestions which Professor Mendel and other biologists are working all the time to unravel.

Scientists Know the Human Being, Whether the Most Beautiful Girl in the World, or the Homeliest Idiot, or Genius, is Composed of 66 Per Cent Water, as Much Carbon as There Is in a Shovelful of Coal; Iron Equal to a Good-Sized Nail, Seven Pounds of Lime, a Lump of Sugar, a Dash of Salt, Some Soda, and a Few Drops or Grains of Many Substances Like Sulphur, Potassium, Magnesium and Copper. Much of This Material, Which at Ordinary Market Rates Would Cost Less Than One Dollar to Buy, Is Supplied or Renewed in Food, but the Doctors Still Have Much to Learn About the Digestive Apparatus.

Science shows that tea revives and "*Lifts*" you by increasing the oxygen in your blood

Wisdom of the world's choice of tea as its most popular and widely used beverage now confirmed by new scientific findings

"PEPPY," filled with vigor—their blood is carrying plenty of life-giving oxygen.

Groggy AT 18,000 FEET, because his blood isn't getting enough oxygen from the air—but a whiff of "canned" oxygen brings him back in an instant. . . After you eat a meal, *your* blood also carries less than the usual amount of oxygen through your brain and tissues. That's why you feel drowsy and lazy.

SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH has unlocked another mystery—the mystery of the reviving, exhilarating effect which comes from tea, and makes it the most widely used beverage in the world.

Tests show that after drinking tea the amount of oxygen in the blood increases up to 20% or more. This effect continues from two to three hours.

Tea itself does not supply oxygen. But it enables the body to enjoy its benefits that much more.

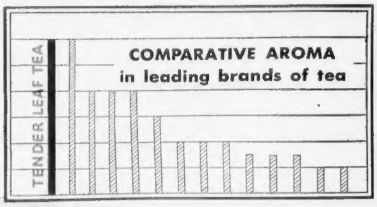
This is particularly helpful after a meal, when a large part of your blood is diverted from its usual channels to the stomach to aid in digestion. Less blood, and consequently less oxygen, reach the brain and tissues. That's why you feel lazy and "stupid."

When you drink tea with a meal, part of the blood goes to the stomach as usual. But more oxygen is carried by the circulating blood through your brain and tissues. You feel "lifted"—alert. You get this effect without whipping your nerves. There's no "kickback" later. Tea lifts you up—and doesn't let you down.

You get *this* oxygen effect from Tender Leaf Tea because it is rich in the aromatic substances which help produce the effect.

• • •

HERE'S A WAY to avoid after-meal drowsiness—just have a cup or two of Tender Leaf Tea with your meal. You'll not only feel "lifted" and more alive—you'll enjoy a tea flavor that makes this wonderful beverage more welcome than ever before. Your grocer has Tender Leaf Tea in two convenient sizes.



If you made tea from MAPLE LEAVES, *you'd certainly pick them young and tender*

If you gathered your own leaves for making tea, you'd naturally pick them in the spring—young, tender and fragrant. You'd scorn old, hard, weather-beaten leaves picked in the fall.

The grocer gives you the *choice, young* leaves of the tea plant in every package of Tender Leaf Tea. That's why you enjoy so much more fragrance and flavor!

Tender Leaf Tea gives this "OXYGEN EFFECT" because it has up to 6 TIMES more aroma

Tests of 14 brands of tea—including all the leaders—show an amazing difference in the qualities you really pay for. Only one other tea—considerably more costly—equaled Tender Leaf Tea in aroma, measured by exact scientific methods. Other brands, costing up to $1.75 for 16 ounces, had as little as *one-sixth* the aroma of Tender Leaf Tea. The chart shows the difference.

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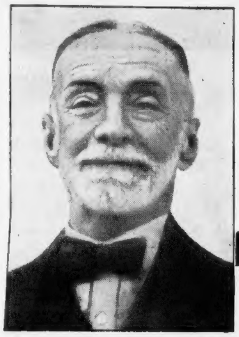
Queer Bargains With Rich Old Men

Curious Partnerships Recently Revealed in the Courts by Attractive Young Women Who Complain That Their Aged Friends Didn't Keep Their Promises

Miss Franchez Dumas, Actress and Golden-Voiced Singer, Who Has Started a Court Action to Enforce a Promise She Says Old Mr. Davidow Made to Pay Her $100 a Week for the Rest of Her Life.

Frieda Hempel, the Attractive Grand Opera Singer, Who Sued Rich Mr. Heckscher for Not Fulfilling His Financial Promises to Her.

Geraldine Ott, Who Brought Suit to Get Hold of One-third of the Rich Estate of Bertrand L. Taylor, Sr.



August Heckscher, the New York Multi-Millionaire Philanthropist, Who Was Sued by Frieda Hempel.

The Late Mr. Otto Kahn, Patron of Grand Opera, Whom Mme. Lindgren Sued for $500,000, Alleging He Had Broken Certain Agreements With Her.

IN spite of Shakespeare's warning that "crabbed age and youth" cannot get along well together, people keep trying to do it, and usually it is youth, in the person of a lady, who comes tearfully to court, accusing rich old age of backing out of their partnership agreement.

Miss Franchez Dumas, pretty brunette actress, the latest of these fair plaintiffs, complains that the wealthy Mr. Davidow, of Scranton, Pa., sixty-two years old, lived up to his bargain as long as he lived, but had died recently, leaving her only a measly $2,500 in his will, instead of the $100 a week for the rest of her life and other perquisites he had promised.

According to the complaints, these ill-matched couples enter into specific partnership agreements, the senior partner to write sizable checks at regular intervals and the junior partner to contribute her companionship and services, and almost always, as an added valuable consideration, she throws in a golden voice. Strangely enough, considering the importance of such a life contract, and the possibility that the partner with the money is likely to go into the sanitarium, cemetery or forgetful dotage, these agreements are almost never put in writing. Instead, as in Miss Dumas' case, they are verbal, a question of memory and veracity to be threshed out by lawyers. The first seven paragraphs of the actress' complaint are devoted to dull legal technicalities, the real scenario of the drama not beginning until the next one, which is as follows:

"EIGHTH—That prior to the Winter of 1929, the plaintiff was and had been an actress, giving performances of her art in various plays, and by virtue of her talents and accomplishments in such profession became and was recognized as an actress of marked ability."

Lawyers evidently do not go to the movies often enough, or Miss Dumas' attorney would have stopped to give a little atmosphere, pointing out that this was the Winter after the Wall Street crash, a cold one for actresses who were shivering in their last year's fur coats. Also he would have mentioned some of the plays in which his client appeared, bringing out the dramatic significance of which was the one wherein the elderly rich man first saw her playing.

For instance, if Mr. Davidow, with his $3,000,000, first crossed her path while she was in the cast of "The Golden Dawn," that might have made it easier to convince her that he was that very thing peeping over the horizon, to persuade her to give up her career and be his "little sunshine," "evening star," or whatever she was to be, without remembering to put the deal in writing. On the other hand, if they met while she was playing in "The Old Rascal," that, on top of Shakespeare's warning, ought to have made her more careful.

The next paragraphs relate in detail the stipulations of the alleged verbal co-partnership, and mention the "golden voice," which was to be further refined at the senior partner's expense. As some old gentlemen approach second childhood they seem to prefer a lullaby to a bed-time story. The legal scenario goes on as follows:

"NINTH — That in addition to the aforementioned histrionic ability, said plaintiff was possessed of a natural singing voice, which with proper cultivation and training would be suitable and acceptable for the concert stage.

"TENTH — That in or during the month of November, 1929, the plaintiff and the said Myer Davidow, for a valuable consideration, entered into an agreement whereby the said Myer Davidow agreed to pay the plaintiff for her lifetime a weekly salary of $100, pay for the musical education and training of the plaintiff as a concert singer, pay and defray all the costs of plaintiff's debut as a concert singer in the city of New York, arrange for her subsequent appearances as concert soloist, and provide for plaintiff's maintenance during her life in a style equivalent to decedent's, upon consideration that plaintiff would leave the stage and exclusively render services to the said Myer Davidow as his companion and secretary, and continue such services for the lifetime of the said Myer Davidow."

The eleventh is a sad anti-climax, because at the wrong place in the story it relates Mr. Davidow's death possessed of great wealth, and then in the twelfth it goes back to say that Miss Dumas accepted the offer and faithfully lived up to all its requirements until her partner's death. It would be a dull tale if into this purely platonic, father-and-daughter arrangement a true love interest did not intrude. It did, and got kicked out, according to the next paragraphs:

"THIRTEENTH—That in or about the month of August, 1930, the plaintiff did meet a gentleman of culture, education and social position, who offered himself and proposed marriage to the plaintiff, and requested the plaintiff to become his wedded wife."

Instead of some of those many words it would have been interesting to know how much cash in the bank the gentleman had owned and was possessed of, whereas the complaint hurries on to say:

"FOURTEENTH—The plaintiff informed decedent (old Mr. Davidow) of the said proposal of marriage, and inquired whether or not he had any objections to the plaintiff's marriage as aforesaid.

"FIFTEENTH—That upon such inquiry decedent did strenuously object and threatened that if the plaintiff did marry, the decedent would discharge the plaintiff from his employ, break his contract, and no longer provide maintenance and support."

Forced to choose between love and duty, she answered the love-call by saying, "Beat it!" As a result, here she is with only $2,500 compensation for love denied. To square things, she wants the Davidow estate to hand her $101,000. The estate does not care to toss that nice little pot of money into her lap, and has asked for a bill of particulars, in which, among other things, they wish she would tell how old she really is.

The simplest way to have assured Franchez of getting all that was coming to her and avoiding all this argument was for Mr. Davidow to have married the actress. But it seems that the old gentleman had been married twice, and on divorcing his second wife held up his hand in the attitude of a man taking an oath and said that matrimony was a racket for which he would never fall again. So the drama of "crabbed age and youth" winds up in the court.

Geraldine Ott, young lady with at least an eighteen-carat golden voice, from Pittsburg, Kansas, found herself in a similar predicament last year when Bertrand L. Taylor, Sr., died in his seventy-second year, leaving her not quite flat, but with only $10,000 in remembrance of a beautiful friendship of seven years, during which, his family claimed, she had profited to the extent of about $200,000. Indignantly she came into the New York courts demanding her dower rights of one-third of Taylor's $1,250,000 estate. She said it was their understanding that they were to consider themselves married, and therefore she was his "common-law widow."

Asked why they had not gone through a conventional, legal ceremony, she explained that Mr. Taylor had a prejudice not against marriage itself but having it known. He was in terror, on account of the difference of their ages, lest their romance be classed with the "Daddy" Browning-"Peaches" Heenan travesty. So, in 1928, in presence of witnesses, he had slipped a ruby ring on her willing finger, sealing their common-law wedding. The witnesses agreed that he actually did slip a ring on the singer's finger, but it was only a five-dollar costume ring, and neither of the alleged high contracting parties said a word to indicate that the gesture meant anything in particular. This was too bad, because it seems that a man cannot be held legally married unless he has admitted it to some third person.

There was evidence that on his many expensive trips around the world, Taylor had been careful to take Miss Ott's sister or someone else as chaperone for the singer. Some said this chaperonage was only a blind; others that it was genuine. Some witnesses testified that Mr. Taylor had called her "Mrs. Taylor," but the majority said neither of them ever referred to themselves as anything but single.

Among those who testified against Geraldine, the one who pained her the most, was Dr. Lawrence G. Spangler, an osteopath, who admitted that he had collected a fee of $10,000 for treating the dying millionaire only four months, exactly the sum the songbird was willed for making his life bright with song for seven years. In that will he called Geraldine "my friend." If he had only called her "friend wife" that would have settled the matter.

There were sad indications that during the last few years of his life, the old millionaire had been consulting lawyers to make sure that when he died Miss Ott's fair hands would not clutch a cent of his money except that $10,000. If so, his ghost may have laughed in court and said "April Fool!" when Surrogate Judge James A. Delehanty handed down his decision of seventeen pages, characterizing the story of a common-law marriage as incredible and unbelievable. Also it said:

"Her contention becomes inadequate also when his fatal illness was known to be a fact. It would have been normal for her to claim her right of priority at his bedside. Then would have been the time for her to assert her actual marital status."

The bulk of the estate, therefore, passed, according to the will, to Mr. Taylor's son, Bertrand, Jr., and his daughter, Countess Dorothy di Frasso.

And most notable of all was the case of August Heckscher, oldest and richest of those senior partners, who could have easily afforded to hire even Mae West to sit all day thinking up wise-cracks, ready to spring them on him as she strutted around as "Diamond Lil" for his exclusive benefit. But he was another of those elderly gentlemen who like a voice as well as curves, and got them both in Miss Frieda Hempel. She was not exactly a "flapper," but, nevertheless, she was several decades younger than the real estate philanthropist, then just entering his eighties.

In 1928 it was reported that Miss Hempel settled her suit against Mr. Heckscher for a quarter of a million dollars. Her claim was that the rich old man had agreed verbally to pay her $48,000 a year the rest of her life provided she would give up her concert and grand opera career to be at his exclusive beck and call, ready to burst into song at a moment's notice, as his butler was ready to uncork a bottle of champagne. But, after a year or two, her claim set forth, he wearied of having a private prima donna and quit writing those quarterly checks of $12,000. So Frieda got right after her old boy-friend, who had to settle up, it was reported, before he could hope to settle down to peaceful old age. At any rate, the suit was dropped.

Apparently the old fellows who think they can never get enough of some particular golden voice, find they are mistaken. Even the most devout admirers of the great Caruso once in a while grow tired of his records and are glad to turn to some lesser artist.

Furthermore, besides phonograph records, a millionaire can nowadays have radios in his homes, cars, yachts, hotel rooms, and even when he camps in the deep woods. With this he can listen to the best voices much of the time, when a private prima donna would be an unnecessary extravagance as well as a nuisance.

The late Otto Kahn, very rich New York banker and one of the stoutest financial pillars of the Metropolitan Opera Company, was all right as long as he fed his checks directly to the Metropolitan's hungry treasury. But when he started being benevolent, as it was alleged, to an individual songbird he got into hot water, threatened suits, and then an actual suit, brought by a lovely singer, who said he had made one of those verbal contracts. Mme. Lydia Lindgren, who sued him for $500,000, was reported to have settled the case out of court.

$125,000.00 IN PRIZES GIVEN AWAY

100 1935 HUPMOBILES AS GRAND PRIZES

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ONLY 10 DAYS LEFT

Just write a Slogan for Seminole Tissue!*

[illegible]

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YOU CAN WIN!

HOW ABOUT YOUR NAME?

The Complete List of 7930 Prize Winners of Seminole's $56,300 Contest Is Now Available at Your Grocer.

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Dean Cornwell and Committee of famous artists pick

HUPMOBILE
SMARTEST CAR OF 1935

$795
F. O. B. DETROIT

In this great Seminole contest — the world's largest—the choice of the cars to be given as Grand Prizes was entrusted to a committee of famous artists — Dean Cornwell, Pierre Brissaud, and Harvey McClelland. After comparing *all* makes of cars this committee rated Hupmobile the handsomest car of the year — the car which gives most riding comfort and performance. Don't miss this chance to win one of these magnificent cars. Enter this great contest today.

HERE'S HOW TO WIN

Imagine getting a big thrilling 1935 Hupmobile for merely writing a simple little slogan for Seminole Tissue! Did you ever hear of any contest, asking so little of you and giving such big rewards?—$125,000 in prizes, including 100 brand new six-passenger 1935 Hupmobile Sedans and 12,200 other valuable prizes (illustrated below

You can win easily. Here's how. Start thinking about slogans right away. It's fun thinking them up. Hold a slogan party. Enter as many slogans as you like. The more you send, the more chances you have of winning. Here are two slogans to show how easy they are to write—"*America's softest bathroom tissue*" "*Best because it's safe and safe because it's soft*"

Start at once to write your slogans. Read the simple rules. You can be a winner. Seminole Tissue is sold by thousands of independent grocers, chain grocery stores, drug and department stores

Retail Grocers, Store Managers, Druggists, Dealers— You will receive prizes identical to the prizes awarded your prize-winning customers (50 of the 100 Hupmobiles will be awarded to dealers, 50 of the 100 Silver King Bicycles, etc.) Dealers to be eligible for these duplicate prizes, should make attractive displays of Seminole and call customers' attention to the clues listed on this page

Important. The more answers your customers send in, the more opportunities you have to win. Remind your customers to mention your name and address on each slogan they submit. Prize winning dealers will be notified by mail at the same time their prize winning customers are notified

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FOLLOW THESE SIMPLE RULES

(1.) Write a slogan, (not more than 14 words) for Seminole Bathroom Tissue.

(2.) Sign YOUR name and address and name and address of your dealer.

(3.) Attach to each slogan, one (1) Seminole wrapper (or facsimile).

(4.) Mail slogans as quickly as you complete them, to Seminole Contest Dept. A—P. O. Box 826, Chicago, Ill.

No limit to the number of slogans you can submit. The more you send the more chances you have of winning a thrilling new 1935 Hupmobile or one of the 12,200 other valuable prizes. Send 100 slogans if you like, but write each slogan on a separate sheet of paper and follow rules 1, 2 and 3 above.

All entries must be postmarked before midnight, Wednesday, July 10th, 1935. No employees of Seminole Paper Corporation, and their advertising agency and their families, may enter this contest. No contestant to receive more than one prize.

Prizes will be awarded for the "Best Slogans" in the opinion of the judges. Decisions of judges are final. Judges, Christine Frederick, Domestic Science Editor, American Weekly; Esther E. Kimmel, Associate Home Economist, "This Week"; Lloyd D. Herrold, Professor of Advertising, Northwestern University. Prize winners will be notified by mail as soon as possible after contest closes. All slogans become property of Seminole Paper Corporation. No entries returned. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties.

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SEMINOLE PAPER CORP., CHICAGO, ILL.—*Division of* INTERNATIONAL PAPER CO.—*Worlds Largest Paper Makers*

To Build a Modern Sodom and Gomorrah

Daring Plans of the Notorious Governor of Marrakech, Morocco, for a Desert Paradise of Vice and Debauchery Such as the World Has Never Known

El Glaoui, the Governor of the City of Marrakech, Morocco.

The Gate of Entrance to the Red Light District of Casablanca, Morocco, Which Was to Be Imitated on a More Glorious Scale in Marrakech.

Moroccan Sirens of the Desert Receiving a Visitor.

Street Scene in the City of Enchantment and Debauchery at Casablanca, Morocco.

View of Marrakech, Showing the Unimproved Land in the Foreground Where the Governor Planned to Establish His Modern Sodom and Gomorrah of the Desert.

Scene Outside the Walls of Marrakech, Morocco.

From the Latticed Windows Under the Moorish Archways and Towers the Tattooed Entertainers Smile a Welcome to Visitors.

PARIS, June 22

A PLEASURE-CITY built of marble, shaded by waving palms, perfumed by rose-gardens, and peopled with 6,000 of the prettiest girls North Africa and France could provide such was the earthly paradise that El Glaoui, Pasha of Marrakech, Morocco planned to create in the desert outside the red mud ramparts of the town where he rules as a despot

His Excellency hoped to attract tourists here from all parts of the globe but the Oasis of Love, that appeared so alluring in prospectuses, vanished like a mirage when the Pasha's right-hand man, M. Victor Espitalier (a Nimes banker and chief promoter of the affair), was jailed after trying to float a 69,000,000-franc bond issue for financing what the prosecution branded a white slave project

The French Deputy, Henri Falcoz—a former Under Secretary of State mixed up in the Oustric and Legion of Honor scandals—was also involved and brought to trial recently at the Seine Assizes Paris. He was charged with accepting a 20,000-franc bribe from Espitalier, and with using his influence to induce high government officials to validate the bonds. Falcoz was acquitted, however. He contended the money paid him was for "legal services," and pointed out that the building enterprise had been sanctioned by the French Resident-General of Morocco

The Pasha's City of Pleasure was to have been patterned after the notorious "Bousbir" suburb of Casablanca, Morocco. This suburb, founded originally by a Frenchman named "Prosper" and subsequently called "Bousbir" by the natives in their attempt to pronounce the founder's name, is enclosed by white walls that are spotless unlike the reputation of the priestesses of Venus within. It resembles an Oriental concession at a world's fair, with its Moorish archways, towers, latticed windows and tattooed daughters of Islam "skilled in the ogle of a roguish eye."

Although El Glaoui's revenues surpass the combined salaries of Morocco's Sultan and the President of the French Republic, his extravagant mode of living had emptied his coffers. Knowing that fortunes are quickest made by pandering to the frailties of human nature, he decided to replenish his treasury by building another Bousbir, on a magnificent scale—a sort of modern Sodom.

The site chosen for the high-viced city was holy ground belonging to the Habous, and located near the Bab El Khemis gate on the north side of Marrakech, where a camel and donkey market is held each week. The Pasha bought the land "dirt-cheap" because Si Kaddour Ben Ghabrit (head of the Mussulman Institute at Paris and President of the Habous of the Sacred Shrines) happened to be one of his best friends. Gossip relates that for years Ben Ghabrit has been engaged in shipping Parisian dancing-women to Marrakech for His Excellency's amusement

Instead of constructing plaster houses, like those of Casablanca's "Quartier Reserve," El Glaoui intended to rear pavilions of marble He did not wish the architecture to express power or grandeur, but rather beauty and voluptuousness. Each pavilion was to have been a palace in miniature, with painted ceilings, walls hung with mirrors and costly draperies, columns gleaming with mosaics, arches filled with flowers, doors closed by silken curtains, Corridors of Temptation, Courts of Felicity, gardens gay with the song of birds, fountains and baths scented with rose-water.

Dancing, gaming and opium smoking were banned in the Bousbir of Casablanca, but the broad-minded Pasha planned to open a Casino in his Pleasure-Town that would draw people away from the roulette tables in Tangiers; to run cabarets in which nude dancers, both native and European, would be featured, to permit patrons to while away the hours in a sweet, dreamy languor, by puffing the drug if they so desired

The contract for this City of Enchantment—that was to rival the fabled Gardens of Alcina, or any other magician's trap for catching souls was given to a Paris architect, M. Jules Debachy. Boulevard wits, on hearing what kind of recreation centre El Glaoui had asked him to construct, dubbed him "Monsieur Debauchee."

M Debachy went to work at once sketching plans of pavilions, gardens streets, fountains, parks, promenades markets, restaurants and stores. He even designed a splendid post office building, where "billets-doux" from the town's 6 000 fair inhabitants, or their amorous swains, could be handled with the utmost speed. It is said the ex-style dictator, Paul Poiret—a frequent visitor to Marrakech and a boon companion of the Pasha—was offered the job of fashioning dresses for the charmers

The task of selecting houris for this paradise was easy for such a connoisseur of feminine loveliness as the Pasha, who aspires to emulate Abdul-Hamid II in the number of his harem beauties and slave-girls. Each year he visits France where there is hardly an actress or [illegible] of note who does not display some piece of jewelry from his lavish hand A famous star dancer of the opera was long his favorite but later supplanted by the music-hall artiste, Mlle. Marcelle Rahna, a recent guest at his palace in Marrakech. Here he also entertained Mme. Cecile Sorel presenting her with a quantity of gold and silver plate

Most of the 6 000 damsels His Excellency had destined for the desert Bower of Bliss were to have been recruited from the ranks of the Almees, remarkable for the graces of their persons and the gorgeous costumes and jewels they exhibit. Indeed, the Almee—famous from Cairo to Casablanca—is so covered with gewgaws that she jingles like a mule, and the multiplicity of her rings reminds one of the story in the Arabian Nights, where the lady with 98 rings bewitches the Sultans Shariar and Shahzenan

This siren of the sands, with her deep tint, dark eyes, teeth white as new almonds and her sinuous attitudes, would have been an undeniable attraction for the Berber tribesmen flocking into Marrakech to take their fill of fun But she has a habit of anointing her hair with grease, daubing her face with saffron, and tattooing herself like a savage; and for those visitors insensible to her barbaric charm, El Glaoui had thought of reserving French dance-hall queens picked from centres of civilization like Marseilles and Paris

Many people wonder why the Pasha wanted to build a Yoshiwara at the gates of Marrakech (which has a population of about 150,000), when that city already boasted more than 3,000 scattered temples devoted to a commercial Cupid. According to travelers just back from the Moroccan "city of the plain," the reason is that His Excellency was displeased with two of his trusted functionaries, Beyez and Ba Sidi, who collect taxes from the scarlet women. He discovered they were keeping most of the money themselves and so he determined to centralize vice by erecting a "Ville de Volupte" where he could easily control the receipts

Besides bevies of beckoning girls El Glaoui had arranged that tourists to his projected Pleasure-City should witness dances by Chleuh boys—one of the sights of the region—and a special pavilion had been designed for these performers. Although he pretends to have the blood of the Prophet in his veins, the Pasha is stated to be a low-born impostor descended from the Chleuhs, a Berber tribe from the Atlas Mountains

The effeminate lads, with henna-tipped fingers and eyelids shaded with kohl, wear long, embroidered gowns and are adorned with bangles. They sing in a shrill falsetto and spin like tops in executing their numbers, all the while clashing tiny cymbals attached to their forefingers and thumbs. These youngsters perform nightly in Marrakech's Place Djemaa El Fnaa—a meeting-place of jugglers, snake-charmers singers, story-tellers, buffoons, fire-eaters, musicians and mountebanks If a spectator is pleased, he does not fail to moisten a coin with his tongue and stick it on the forehead of some dancing boy at the close of the performance

A plan of this contemplated fairy city was submitted by His Excellency to French Government officials at Rabat, capital of France's Protectorate of Morocco, and the scene last Spring of the murder of Col Bouscat's wife by a native corporal, Kebir Ben [illegible], who committed suicide. The plan received the approval of the Resident-General M Lucien Saint whose wife has established so many maternity hospitals in Morocco M Saint, recently replaced by M Ponsot, is known as the "Peacemaker" and he evidently thought a playground with white marble palaces and [illegible] peris would dissipate the strength and tame the spirit of the wild Berber warriors

Moreover, such an El Dorado of gallantry would draw tourists from every corner of the world and give them something else to talk about besides the dirt, disease and wretchedness to be seen at Marrakech In fact the streets of Marrakech are nothing but foul lanes unvisited by a scavenger's cart for decades—a malodorous labyrinth from which a stranger can scarcely extricate himself without the grace of Allah, and where the gaunt spectre of famine stalks the year round while His Excellency feasts on dainties prepared by his 52 palace cooks.

El Glaoui, who has a penchant of showering gems on politicians' wives as well as on footlight favorites, next proceeded to pull wires at Paris. It was not long before two deputies, MM. Mallarme and Pares, rose in the Chamber and proposed that the French Government grant the Pasha a loan of 50 000 000 francs "for city improvements at Marrakech," declaring His Excellency, who wears the Legion of Honor ribbon, was a great friend of France. But Deputy Deschizeaux objected, saying it would be scandalous for the country to lend so much money to build a brothel

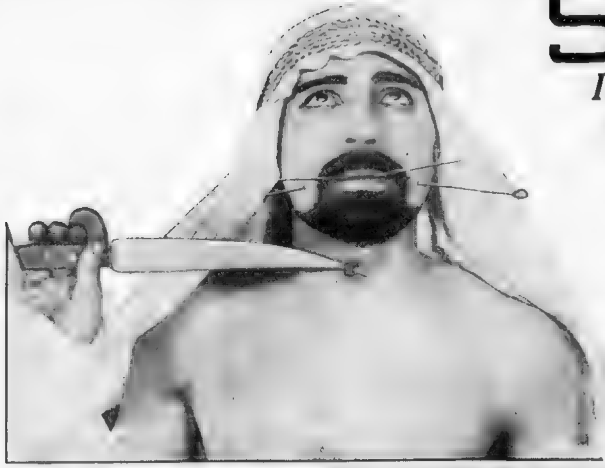
Later on the Pasha's emissaries and grand promoters of the affair—MM. Espitalier, Leroy and Gomez — persuaded Deputy Falcoz, by giving him 20,000 francs, to try and induce state-controlled banks to subscribe to the bond issue. Falcoz approached M. Milan—Senator and the president of the Caisse d'Amortissement—and also M. Escalier, director of the Bank of Algeria, but failed to obtain their approval. When he asked Espitalier for an additional 100,000 francs, he received no reply, for the Nimes banker had gone bankrupt. Espitalier was arrested and all of his correspondence seized, including Falcoz's letters

These edifying epistles were read in court by the presiding judge, M. Fredin. In one, written by Gomez to Espitalier, the writer stated he had dined with Falcoz and the latter's mistress and promised them 1,000,000 francs if the bond deal proved successful. The deputy, though, denied he had trafficked in his influence, and naively remarked that he thought El Glaoui's enterprise was a question of urban improvements and not a scheme to erect a vast quarter reserved for 6,000 exotic ladies. The jury believed his story and acquitted him.

Meanwhile the Pasha of Marrakech is smoking hashish and trying to find a way to revive his scandalous enterprise.

Secrets of the M

Interesting Revelations by Goldston, Fou
Magicians' Club, Explaining How Many
Illusions Were Performed Which Puz



Hamid Bey, an Egyptian Magician, Who Stuck Hatpins Through His Cheeks and Pricked His Skin with the Sharp Point of a Knife. Mr. Goldston Explains How This Is Done.

By WILL GOLDSTON,
Of the Magicians' Club of London, the Famous Inventor of Illusionist and Magical Paraphernalia

[illegible]

(Concluded from Last Sunday).

IN this series of articles, I have recalled magic and the famous magicians I have known during my lifetime. But there is one branch of magic—if such it can be called—which has increasingly occupied my attention in recent years, and which I have not yet mentioned. It is the magic of the Eastern fakirs

The subject is vast and, to the untutored mind, inexplicable. And let me admit that I have seen phenomena produced by certain fakirs which have puzzled me considerably, and which were certainly not produced by methods known to "civilized" magicians

In 1926, a fakir named Dr. Tarah Bey visited London. He was an educated man, a doctor of medicine, and came to give a demonstration of his magical powers. He was able to stick pins in his flesh without inconvenience, and without causing blood to flow. He lay on a bed of nails with an anvil on his chest. After going into a self-induced cataleptic trance, he was placed in a coffin and covered with sand. The lid was placed on the coffin and, likewise, covered with sand. Twenty minutes afterwards, the lid was taken from the coffin and Tarah Bey, with a groan, recovered from his trance and appeared none the worse for his burial. Afterwards, he gave an exhibition of thought reading, and actually prophesied that a horse named Coronach would win the famous Epsom Derby. No doubt many racing tipsters did likewise—but it is a fact that seven weeks later Coronach won the Derby for Lord Woolavington.

All of this is typical fakir magic; let us consider it, step by step. For his pin-sticking experiment Tarah Bey used fine, steel pins three inches or more in length. These he stuck into his cheeks, arms and thighs. Now, it is a fact that any healthy person can do these things with very little practice. I have stuck pins through my own cheeks and those of other people by merely pinching the skin of the cheek until it has become quite numb.

It is easier still to drive a pin into one's thigh. Try it for yourself by placing the pin onto the thigh and giving the head a sharp blow. There is no pain, only the faintest of pricks. It is essential, of course, that the pin be thoroughly clean. There will be little or no blood from the tiny wound, and if the pin is driven through clothing it will be withdrawn perfectly clean

It is not so easy to lie on a bed of nails, yet it is not impossible A bed in which the nails are widely separated would be extremely painful to a white person. But the closer the nails are together the easier it is to lie on it—because there are more nails in the bed and, consequently, the support is greater.

Tarah Bey's burial experiment was interesting, but scarcely evidence of supernatural power. There was air enough in the coffin to support a trained man for twenty minutes, and even longer. In fairness to this fakir, I must say that when the lid was removed from the coffin he showed no signs of having removed the sand covering his face. None the less, judged from a scientific point of view, the demonstration would have been more convincing had the fakir been gagged, and his hands and feet secured so that he was incapable of movement.

Harry Houdini could have emulated this feat with ease. Indeed, on one occasion, he did better by submitting to burial in a leaden coffin for an hour and a half. The secret is very slow and gentle breathing—and complete immobility.

Tarah Bey claimed that he could go into catalepsy and remain buried for almost any stipulated period—an hour, a day, a week, or a month—provided he was warned beforehand what that period was to be. Now this is a very extraordinary statement, and one that cannot be dismissed as fantastic in view of other evidence that, to some extent, supports it.

In the early part of 1927, a fakir named Hamid Bey was buried in the ground at Englewood, New Jersey, for a period of no less than three hours. This feat was witnessed by a number of prominent and responsible people whose testimony cannot be doubted. How can we explain that a human being, whose very life is the oxygen of the air, can be buried in the ground for no less than one hundred and eighty minutes? Hamid Bey exhibited no distress on being uncovered—and Harry Houdini, a man of first-class physique and construction, was not very far from the point of death after his burial of ninety minutes

The Trick of Walking Barefooted Over Broken Glass.

Frankly, it is one of those things that we people of the Western world cannot explain. Another fakir, Romen Bey, once went into three cataleptic trances in my London office, for periods of five minutes, ten minutes, and a quarter of an hour, as I directed. That, too, is inexplicable, and points to the fact that certain of these fakirs, at any rate, possess a physical control and knowledge of which we have very little understanding

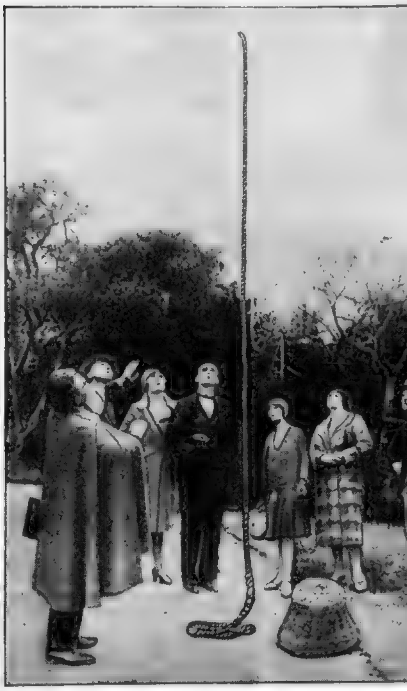
Unless one has a sound knowledge of magical principles, it is almost impossible to detect the fraud from the genuine in the magic of these Eastern fakirs. For instance, one subject I examined claimed the ability to control his pulse. I placed my thumb at his wrist and, according to my directions, the pulse was strong—or so weak that it was practically indetectable

I asked the man to strip and repeat the experiment. He did so, and it was then I tumbled to the trick. I jerked the man's arm above his head. A small square of hard wood fell from beneath his armpit

I tried this piece of wood on myself, and in two or three days had become quite expert with it. By pressing the upper arm slightly to the side, the wood acts as a tourniquet—well-known to the medical profession. That is, it presses on the main artery of the arm, and so prevents the blood reaching the wrist. I demonstrated the trick to Houdini, and quite baffled him with it. I believe, too, that on one occasion he used it to mystify a committee of doctors who were examining him prior to one of his dramatic escapes

Control of the strength of the pulse is, however, very different from the control of the number of pulse beats. Both Tarah Bey and Romen Bey were able to vary their pulse from between 40 beats a minute to 100 beats a minute, according to directions of doctors. Hamid Bey appears to elaborate this process still further. He has been examined by three doctors simultaneously, one listening to the heart, the others feeling his left and right wrists. After a certain period has elapsed, the left wrist will show a beat of sixty, the heart a beat of eighty, and the right wrist ninety-five beats to the minute, all at the same time

That, at least, is what a report signed by American experts declares. I must explain that I have not had the opportunity of personally examining Hamid Bey, and that, while I do not say this alleged feat of his is a physical impossibility, I am not prepared to accept—or offer it—as genuine. A famous London heart specialist has told me that the feat is utterly impossible. Well, to the open-minded scientific inquirer nothing is utterly impossible, though there are things that are highly improbable. I must content myself with that until I have examined Hamid Bey for myself.



Of All the Tricks or Pretended Tricks of Magic the "Indian Rope Trick" Is the Most Under Dispute. This Photograph Was Presented as Evidence That a Rope Could Be Thrown Into the Air and Remain There—But It Was Finally Adjudged That This Is a Trick Photograph.

Still, I am convinced that the less pretentious heart-controlling feats of such fakirs as Tarah Bey and Romen Bey are genuine enough. Here, again, there is nothing in Western science that can explain them. Anyone can make his heart beat faster by running a short distance, or by quickly mounting a flight of stairs. But these fakirs do this standing still, and according to directions.

In India there is a Hindu sect known as the Sadhus who indulge in elaborate self-torture in the name of holiness. Some keep an arm raised above the head until the flesh becomes dry like wood, and the nails of the fingers grow very long. Others thread fruits, leaves and tree shoots into the flesh of their chests, backs and thighs. Some swing upside-down from scaffolding for an entire day, their heads and faces passing over a blazing fire And there are a few who bury their heads in the ground with their bodies and legs sticking up into the air without any support at all.

What are we to make of all this? It is not enough to call such symptoms of religious fervor fanaticism and madness. The point is—what is it that enables these men to endure self-tortures—and yet live? Try holding your left arm above your head. If you keep it erect for five minutes you have exceptional self-control. Yet, Sadhus do it for ten, twenty and twenty-five years.

The logical inference to be drawn from this and similar endurance feats is that these men have developed mental powers of which we know nothing. Their minds seem to be very nearly the complete masters of their bodies. The Indian Yoga cult, with its ideal of physical and mental purity, is based essentially on these same powers. Advanced Yoga students secure a certain measure of internal cleanliness by stepping into running water and drawing a yard or more of bowel from their bodies. And, as we have seen, the fakirs can control their hearts in a most bewildering way.

Some fakirs profess to be fire-eaters. But neither Tarah Bey nor Romen Bey was capable of this feat. The two fakirs who have exhibited in America, Rahmen Bey and Hamid Bey, were similarly ungifted.

As a matter of fact, any claim to fire-eating must be regarded with suspicion The genuine fire-eater is he who will rinse his mouth with cold water, and then allow white-hot coals and embers to be placed on his tongue. I have never met any man who could do this, though many are said to live in the district of the holy city of Benares, India.

Another Photograph Pretending to
"Rope Trick" with a Boy Climbing
Investigators Have No Doubt That
Was Supported in Some Wa

The Indian jadoo-wallah is an itinerant conjurer around whom many interesting legends have arisen. He often includes in his restricted program an exhibition of fire-eating. I know this, because on literally hundreds of occasions I have sent fire-eating apparatus out to India for the use of jadoo-wallahs It is an old trick that I have performed myself many times, one that any schoolboy can do effectively and without the least danger

A short length of specially prepared string is used. This glows, but does not burst into flame when lighted. It is loosely wrapped round with hemp, and placed in the mouth. Air is taken in slowly through the nostrils and expelled through the mouth; the draught causes a cool flame to spring from the lips, but directly the mouth is closed, the flame is doused.

The average jadoo-wallah has a repertoire of not more than a dozen tricks. These include the cups and ball, the colored sands, the bobbing duck, the restored rope (or turban), the rice bowl, ring and stick, boy in the basket, and the mango tree. With the exception of the cups and ball, any conjuring novice could perform these tricks well after a week's hard practice.

The most famous illusion in the world is the Great Indian Rope Trick Briefly, the effect of it is this:

The conjurer sits cross-legged in an open space. He throws one end of a coil of rope into the air, and about 15 feet (sometimes 20 or 25) remain stiff, like a pole. A little boy climbs the rope, and balances himself at the extremity. At a word from the conjurer, he entirely vanishes, and is discovered from a distant spot. Then, at a signal, the rope crumples to the ground.

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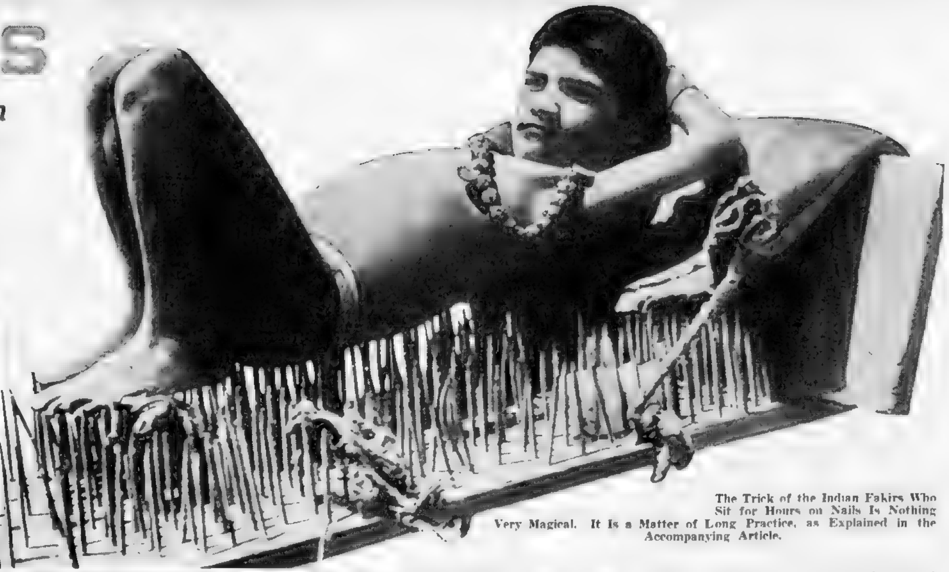
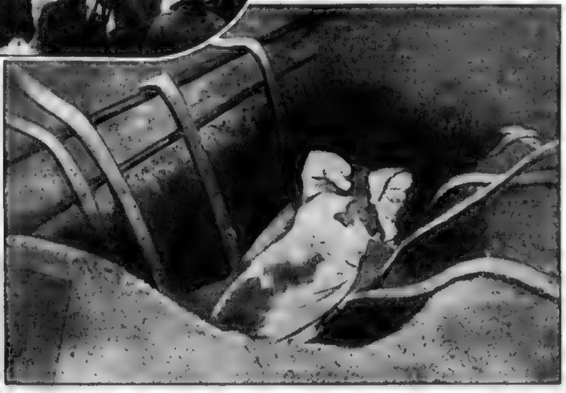


The Trick of the Indian Fakirs Who Sit for Hours on Nails Is Nothing Very Magical. It Is a Matter of Long Practice, as Explained in the Accompanying Article.



Photograph Showing Hamid Bey, Egyptian Fakir, Being Lowered Into a 6-Foot Grave in a Cataleptic State in Englewood, New Jersey. The Grave Was Filled in and the Magician Remained Buried for Three Hours. The Other Photograph Shows Him Covered with a Winding Sheet, the Earth Gently Sprinkled Over the Prostrate Form Until He Was Completely Covered.

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There is a more colorful version than this which insists that the conjurer pretends to be angry with the boy. He climbs up the hope with a knife between his teeth, and on reaching the top, both he and the boy disappear. The most agonizing screams are heard from above; then a leg falls, and an arm, another leg and an arm, together with the remainder of the boy's body. The conjurer reappears, and climbs down the rope, covered with blood. He assembles the limbs and trunk, which at once become complete and alive. The rope crumples, and is packed away in a basket

Now, even without this rather repulsive embellishment, this is a very wonderful trick. Many a Western magician would give a fortune to know its secret—myself included. In the past, I have offered $5,000 to anyone who could show me the trick under the prescribed conditions, and I willingly repeat this offer here and now. As a spectacle in modern vaudeville, the Rope Trick would be worth no less than $2,000,000.

Let us, first of all, examine the evidence against the Rope Trick—that it does not, and never did, exist.

If it does exist, it is worked by methods completely unknown to Western magic and science. There is no known civilized system which will reproduce the illusion as described, even though it be performed in a theatre and not on open ground. I make this statement without qualification whatsoever, and back it with my lifetime's experience of magical invention and construction.

I should add here that two ingenious copies of the Rope Trick have been performed on the stage by David Devant in England, and Howard Thurston in America. In Devant's version, the "rope" was not really a rope at all, and was standing erect when the audience first saw it. In both stage versions were several essential differences from the trick as I have described it.

From time to time, several famous Western magicians have been to India to investigate the trick. They have not only never seen the trick, but—and this is more to the point—they never met anybody who had seen it. Such men as Charles Bertram, Murray, Houdini, and John Mulholland, the leading society magician of the United States, have traveled east of Suez and come back empty-handed.

Mulholland made some particularly careful investigations into the trick. He searched the Imperial Library at Calcutta for a record of a feast given by the Emperor Jehangir, father of the builder of the Taj Mahal, at which the Rope Trick is supposed to have been performed. The document disclosed that the foremost Indian magician of the time (about A. D. 1600) performed at the feast, but there is no word concerning the Rope Trick.

Another point of considerable significance is that although for many years past Western magicians have offered considerable rewards for a sight of the Rope Trick (not the secret), no single reward has ever been claimed. And the men who are said to perform the trick are poor, nomadic conjurers.

One could quote numerous instances of credible witnesses who have spent years in India, yet who have never seen the Rope Trick. Let us content ourselves with the words of Major L. H. Branson, a gifted magician, who spent a quarter of a century in India, with the Indian Army.

"I maintain that the trick has never been performed out of doors. That is to say, that a rope thrown up into the air has not remained suspended in mid-air, nor has any boy ever climbed up it. That when at the top he has not disappeared, and that after his disappearance he did not come down in bits, covered with blood or otherwise."

That, then, will complete our case for the prosecution. For the defense, we will quote witnesses, though I must stress the fact that none of the witnesses are known to me. This is what Sir Ralph Pearson, of Thame, Oxfordshire, England, says:

"In the Spring of 1900, when in the West Khandesa District of the Bombay Presidency, I saw the trick carried out on the then recently constructed Tapiti Valley Railway. After the necessary shouting and beating of his legs and chest, the conjurer threw up the rope some ten feet in the air, after which the boy swarmed nearly to the top. My wife told me she had also seen the trick done, in company with her brother, his wife and children, at another wayside station further down the line."

Here is Mr. George S. Crinks, a retired seaman, now living at Plymouth, England:

"I was an A. B. on board the bark Chili, of Dundee, and while at Calcutta discharging molasses in January, 1898, the Rope Trick was performed by an Indian (coolie) on the deck of the ship in the presence of the whole crew and with a piece of the ship's rope."

In 1903, the Rope Trick is said to have been performed before 200 boys on the playing field of the Victoria School, Kurseong, near Darjeeling. After the performance, the headmaster described it as "a wonderful exhibition of mass hypnotism and ventriloquism." In 1912, it was reported to have been demonstrated on the parade ground at Malappuram, Malabar

Other witnesses who contend that the Rope Trick is not a reality, but that have seen it, are Mrs. Frances Odhams, of Wimbledon, England; Mr. C. Whittaker, of Lingfield, England; Mr. Maurice Prowse, of Weymouth, England; and Messrs. Arthur Young, Annaji Rao, and K. Mahadevan, all of India. There are doubtless others whose names and testimony have not been brought to my notice. I am not admitting the evidence of Ibn Batutah, the first man ever to mention the Rope Trick (A. D. 1324), whose descriptions are altogether too incredible.

The way is now clear for our star witness. Dr. Alexander Cannon, K.C.A., M.D., Ph.D., M.A., an official of the London County Council Mental Hospital Service, says that he has not only seen the Rope Trick, but that he can perform it

"I can produce the Rope Trick in the Albert Hall, London. I shall require a large quantity of sand from a certain area, certain lighting, as if it were from the sun, certain heating arrangements, and, under these circumstances everyone can see the phenomenon."

A group of British magicians expressed their anxiety to see the trick performed by Mr. Cannon, and their willingness to assist him in producing the right conditions at the Albert Hall. To this offer, the doctor answered

"Provided you are willing to lay down enough money to bring over a shipload of special sand, to heat up the Albert Hall to tropical temperature and to produce my own tropical lighting—and also to place with a bank $250,000 to be handed over to me as soon as I have produced the phenomenon, I will do it."

One feels a little disappointed at this. But worse is to come. The magicians asked Dr. Cannon to give them a banker's guarantee to return the $250,000 and to pay all expenses if he failed to produce the phenomenon. It is said he refused these conditions; at any rate, nothing has been done

So we must dispense with this witness. But there is a further piece of evidence that has come to hand in England during the past twelve months. A magician living at Cheltenham, Gloucester, claims to be able to perform the Rope Trick. He has performed it several times already, though he has not yet completely mastered it, and consequently cannot guarantee success on every occasion.

As though to consolidate this claim, some photographs were taken of the trick in operation, and widely published in British newspapers.

Let it be said that the photographs—as photographs—were convincing. I wondered whether, after all, I was going to lose my $5,000. But, alas! —it transpired that the rope was actually held aloft by a wire slung between two trees, and quite invisible in the negative. The business was explained away as a "joke."

Since cross-examination has dealt somewhat unkindly with the two main defense witnesses, we are left to consider the evidence of the others. What are we to make of these statements? Are the witnesses liars? Frankly, I do not think that if it were possible to sift down their evidence, to produce corroborative statements as to time, place, and circumstance, we should find there is truth in their words

The problem is, without the necessary corroboration, to decide what degree of truth there is in them. In conditions of extreme heat, such as exist in India, delusion is not uncommon. I am not suggesting that it is possible to imagine the Rope Trick being performed where nothing was performed at all. But I do believe—indeed, I know—that one can imagine one sees much more than is actually happening.

That, at any rate, is my own explanation of these statements. I think it possible that at the stated dates and places, some version of the traditional Rope Trick was performed. Probably a bamboo rod, covered with rope, was made to stand in the air. Given this, I think much of the rest was hallucination, induced probably by atmospheric conditions, and the distance of the witness from the performer At any rate, there is no denying that the weight of scientific evidence—and for that matter, common sense—is heavily against the Rope Trick.

Lastly, I might say I do not believe in the theory of mass hypnotism. In my earlier days, I did a good deal of hypnotism, and my experience has shown me that the hypnotizing of a single subject is difficult enough, and sometimes quite impossible if he or she is unwilling. I have never met a hypnotist who was capable of influencing two persons simultaneously, let alone a crowd. If one may be permitted the use of the word impossible, i[illegible] surely applicable here.

Many wonderful things have been brought from east of Suez, but I have yet to be convinced that mass hypnotism and the true Indian Rope Trick are among them

The plain truth about the Indian Rope Trick is that it is utterly beyond the power of mankind to achieve the effects claimed for this illusion.

Some years ago David Devant, the famous English magician, wished to perform the Rope Trick at St. George's Hall, and, in the hope of getting a truthful account of the trick from someone who had seen it, he offered to pay handsomely for such a record. There was, however, no response to his offer. Accordingly, he adhered as closely as he could to the old legend.

In Devant's version of the illusion, the rope was already made fast before the trick began; a man climbed up the rope and, when about halfway up, suddenly vanished. It was an effective illusion, but, as I have said, the first part of the trick was cut out altogether. One must bear in mind also that the sudden disappearance of the man when halfway up the rope was managed on a stage. Many effective stage illusions could not possibly be performed in the open air.

Almost as famous as the Indian Rope Trick is the Indian Basket Trick, and perhaps the most amazing thing about this effect is that it has ever deceived anybody.

The magician shows a large round basket, which is obviously empty. A boy gets into the basket and appears to fill it completely, for the juggler apparently has some difficulty in putting on the lid. When the lid is at last in position, the performer stands aside, picks up a large sword, and stabs at the basket from all sides. It is obvious that the sword really penetrates the basket. Loud shrieks are heard and, if he wishes to be very realistic, the illusionist shows the point of the sword dripping with blood, but out of respect for European stomachs, this little detail is usually omitted

Then, pulling off the lid, the magician jumps into the basket himself. This is done to convince the audience that the boy has not really been stabbed and that he has disappeared. The magician steps out again, replaces the lid, and throws a large cloth over the basket.

The cloth moves! The illusionist snatches it away and the lid is raised. The boy, uninjured, steps out of the basket

This trick is really too easy The basket is much larger than it appears to be: that is to say, although the boy seems to have some difficulty in getting into the basket, he could, if he liked, duck down directly he was in it and start the trick. The preliminary part is done merely for effect. The boy then curls himself round at the bottom of the basket, leaving a space in the centre, his body and legs being in a circle.

The wonder-worker stabs above the boy and in a downward direction to the centre of the basket. There is still plenty of room in the basket for the performer—the rest is merely showmanship. The trick has been performed many times in England.

Sometimes the illusion is varied slightly. After the magician has apparently killed the boy, the spectators hear a cry of joy, and, looking round, see the boy running towards them. Needless to say, he is not the boy who got into the basket and who remains there.

(The End).

Bridle Wise

by Eleanor DeLamater

She Read a Book on Horses and Then Went for Her First Ride With Her Horseman Admirer, but the Bumps She Took Had Their Romantic Value—A Short Story Complete in This Issue.

After What Seemed a Long Time She Heard a Shaken Voice Repeating: "Leo! Leo, Darling! Are you all right? Darling, are you all right?"

LEONA GREY watched her mother, while that lady plied Timothy Connelly with tea.

"Oh, Mister Connelly!" Leo thought sardonically. "Won't you be surprised when you find yourself married to me!"

For that, as she put it inelegantly to herself, was the set-up. Mrs. Grey was a small woman, beautifully made-up, with quick birdlike gestures and a bird's restless eyes. For years now she had been [illegible] that she ca[illegible] eligible men [illegible] encountered [illegible] in the houses of wealthy friends, bringing them home to the tiny flat and producing Leo for their admiration, as though she were a rabbit out of a hat. Timothy Connelly was her latest. Long and lean and hard-looking, with a pure white streak through one side of his hair. Leo had met him at parties. More than once she had caught his bright blue gaze fixed on her from the sidelines. Now he was there practically under her nose, his fourth visit, and she knew exactly what was expected of her. She was to marry him. There could be no question, no hesitation about it this time, for even scrimping and saving would not make Mrs. Grey's inheritance from her dead husband go any further. They were at the end of their resources and this man was to save them.

Leo did not mind. She was quite hard about it. Twenty-four years of recognizing her bounden duty had made her so. She looked at Tim Connelly calmly, adding him up.

He was Irish. He might be in his thirties. He was rich, self-made. His passion was horses. That was really all she knew about him. Hardly a romantic list, but she did not expect romance. She had been well schooled.

Across the room she heard her mother say:

"You really don't know what you miss, Mr. Connelly, not joining in with the young people. Now I—" she smiled archly, "I get my greatest pleasure out of the companionship of young girls."

Leo did not even wince. She only thought derisively: "Young girls [illegible] Me! The lovely daughter, Mamma's stock in trade!"

Then she almost jumped. The man had looked up from his teacup straight across at her. His mouth did not smile but the blue eyes seemed to. It startled her. Something inside her was on the defensive at once.

"Arrogant creature!" this something exclaimed.

But she leaned farther back in her corner of the couch, aware of the shabby little room around her, of early-Summer sunlight through the window, aware of this man who was suddenly a human being instead of a means to an end. Leo Grey was not quite beautiful. She was slender and dark, her features clear-cut, the gray eyes widely spaced. Her color was the glowing, natural kind that sometimes goes with olive skin. But her expression, or rather her lack of one, dimmed the effect. She looked usually cool, bored, almost blank. She had, in short, a poker face. It served her now.

Tim Connelly was saying pleasantly:

"Young girls? Well, of course, Mrs. Grey, I've no experience."

His hostess laughed.

"No, no. Naturally, since you've never married."

This time he did smile.

"Right. I was such a poor boy, you see. I had to work so hard. There wasn't any time for women. And now—well, there are horses. I love them, you know, but I've found that the ladies divide up into two classes about 'em. They're either frightened to death, or they go horsy in such a big way that they're insufferable. So I'm still single."

"Oh!" Leo thought, not looking at him. "So you're still single, are you? You are sure of yourself!"

Her mother rushed in again.

"But you've been unlucky, Mr. Connelly! There are girls, really charming girls—who share your tastes. Now Leo——"

She paused and Leo, taking her cue, remembered a phrase read or heard somewhere. It sounded right. She drawled:

"Oh, quite. I—" she looked Tim Connelly straight in the eye—"I'm terribly bridle wise."

He returned her look and she felt her own glance waver a little.

"Are you?" he asked gravely.

Mrs. Grey broke the slight pause which came after that.

"More tea, Mr. Connelly? Try one of these cakes."

But the man put down his cup gently and stood up.

"Thanks. Nothing more. I must run along. It's been very nice." He moved toward the door, tall, just a trifle wide at the knees. The ladies followed him. Then he paused. "I was wondering, Mrs. Grey. Would you care to come out to my place in the country for the week-end? You and your daughter? It's quiet. I don't have many guests. But I'd try to make you feel comfortable."

Mrs. Grey clasped her hands. Her thin face flushed with eagerness.

"But we'd love it! We'd love it, wouldn't we, Leo? Indeed we will come. Friday, you say?"

"Yes. I'll send you word about trains. You'll be met, of course. I'll look forward to it." The blue eyes met Leo's again fleetingly. "I can let you have a nag, if you care to ride. I've a stable of sorts."

"Splendid!" the mother said quickly. "Leo loves a good canter."

"Fine. Until Friday, then."

He lifted the hat he had been holding and was gone down the apartment house hallway toward the elevator. They saw him press the button with his stick.

Leo had not said a word. She closed the door now and stood with her back against it.

"Well," she remarked. "So Leo loves a good canter, does she? Leo's never been on a horse in her life. You know that, Mamma. Why, I've hardly so much as seen anyone else, let alone doing it myself."

"Oh, well, darling, it must be easy enough. And you can probably get out of it anyway. Just make a few excuses. But it's a wonderful chance, Leo. I think he must be really interested. And they say his place, 'The Paddocks,' it's called, they say it's superb."

The girl still leaned against the door.

"Mamma," she burst out, "I hate this! He comes and lays down his requirements and I have to pretend to fit them! When I'm terrified of horses and hate the idea of being on one. I don't see why I——"

"Now, Leo darling! You heard what he said. You heard how he'd never found a girl who could ride well and still keep her feminine charm. Why, I shouldn't be surprised if this visit weren't a kind of a test for you!"

"Exactly! That's what I hate. Why should I have to act a part, just to meet with his high-and-mighty approval? It makes me boil. No, really, I won't do it."

Mrs. Grey's face crumpled in its familiar way. The thin ringed hands shook, jerking at the tulips on the table in the little foyer.

"Very well, Leo. Very well, then. If you choose to spoil everything. If you choose to forget all I've done for you, scrimping to dress you well, to send you to good schools, to keep up this apartment so you'd have a decent home to come to. I—I——"

Leo gave up. She never had a chance anyway.

"All right, Mamma," she drawled. "All right. Don't cry. I'll do my stuff. I'll put on an act and bluff him for you." She turned away. "Tomorrow I suppose I'd better charge some boots and breeches, or whatever it is you need."

In her own room she stood for a moment at the window, looking down at the side street where Summer was already making the city sordid.

"Well," she thought, "well, Mr. Timothy Connelly! So there are only two kinds of women, neither of 'em satisfactory to you? I'm afraid you've met a third kind—the kind that's going to fool you."

Not for an instant did she doubt that she could fool him. She had always been able to create any effect she chose.

That was on a Tuesday. On the Friday, Mrs. Grey and her daughter Leona traveled by train to the small country station where Tim Connelly himself waited for them in a long black roadster.

Tim was hatless. The gray streak stood out in his hair, almost like a plume. He wore riding clothes, old but carelessly right. Leo, taking his hand for a moment, caught a faint whiff of pipe smoke and stables. It was oddly pleasant.

His place, "The Paddocks," was lovely. A long, stone house, simple in architecture but very large and very comfortable. Behind it gardens, and the barns, a little world in themselves. The room to which she was shown presently was large and airy. From its window she could see the golden weather vane on the nearest gray building. A galloping horse. She made a face at it.

Nothing happened that afternoon. They spent it quietly strolling about the place, having tea in the lower garden where there were tall trees and a lily pond.

"We'll save the stables for tomorrow," Tim said.

Leo looked at him. He was lounging in a deck chair, his eyes squinted a little against the afternoon sun. There was—she had to admit it—something disturbing about him. Here, in his own world, amidst his own possessions where he was absolute master, he was different. Relaxed and quiet and confident, yet without any of that faint arrogance she had noticed in the city. She had a strange sensation, sitting there. Something about the beautiful place with its air of ease and good taste, worked at her. What was she, after all, but a cheap little intruder here? A young woman, acting a lie, come to "make a killing," as the vulgar phrase went. Still looking at the man she thought suddenly:

"Why, he's nice! I believe I could like him!" Then her eyes slid around to her mother, chattering excitedly, and she thought further: "My toughest assignment yet."

What if she should be honest with him, tell him that she was no horsewoman, had no desire to be one, had in fact never even seen one? But no. He'd lose interest. There was her duty to Mamma, who had after all sacrificed everything for her. There was also her own pride. The moment of softness passed. Tim Connelly had calmly laid down his reuirements. It was up to her to make him think she filled them. She could, of course. Leo drank her tea. She looked young and vivid and immaculate in the yellow linen dress. Nothing showed in her face.

But she took one precaution. When they returned to the house she managed to slip away for a moment, into the library. There she soon found what she wanted. A book: "The Horse: How to Handle Him." She smuggled it upstairs and glanced through it while she dressed for dinner.

Mrs. Grey's room adjoined her daughter's. She was jubilant.

"Oh, Leo darling! Isn't it lovely?" she cried through the [illegible].

Leo said yes, it was a nice place.

"But darling! Why be so blasé? It's simply perfect, that's what it is."

Leo glanced at the horse book, open on the dressing table before her.

"All very well," she answered. "But you don't have to sing for your supper. You don't have to think horse and talk horse, to come up to specifications. And ride horse," she added grimly.

"Oh, that!" Her mother's voice was unconcerned. "That will be all right, dear. I used to ride, as a girl. You just get on top of the horse and—and say 'Giddap,' or something. And there you are."

"Quite! There you certainly are. It says here, 'If the rider is knock-kneed the toes will point outwards, and if he is bow-legged they will be much more inward.' I wonder what my toes will do?"

Leo Glanced at the Horse Book, Open on the Dressing Table. "It Says Here, 'If the rider is knock-kneed the toes will point outwards'."

"What are you talking about, Leo?"

"Nothing. Never mind. Just my home-work. I'm hungry. Let's go down."

They went down. Their host greeted them at the foot of the stairs, immaculate in dinner clothes.

"Ladies!"

He made a little mock-formal bow which included them both. But his eyes were on Leo. She felt that blue look as though he had touched her. But he only asked easily:

"Shall we join the cocktails?"

They were Martinis, icy and delicious. Afterwards there was a superlative dinner, then coffee and liqueurs before the big living room fireplace, for the evening had turned cool. It was all quiet and [illegible] disarming, somehow. Leo felt her soft mood of the af[illegible] creeping over her again. Again her intention to deceive this man seemed despicable.

But she did not give in to it. Remembering [illegible] from her reading, she discoursed knowingly on standing and running martingales, on wind-suckers, on cheek pieces, on peat moss as a bedding. If Tim Connelly looked at her once or twice in what might have been bewilderment, she did not recognize it. Mrs. Grey beamed.

It was not a long evening. At eleven o'clock the mother smiled tactfully and remarked that she was [illegible] for bed. Leo stood up hastily, to go with her. But in the hallway Tim delayed her. He put his hand [illegible] and she stood stock-still, as though frozen, until the older woman had disappeared upstairs. Then [illegible]

"Yes?" she said coolly, glancing at him [illegible] thing on your mind?"

He actually stammered.

"No. That is—just that you look lovely [illegible] thing, Leo."

She could feel herself flush with pleasure [illegible] lightly, to cover it.

"Thank you. You look rather well yourself."

He did. He had beautiful shoulders. His [illegible] where she stood, though he was not touching her.

"Have you any idea how long I've known [illegible] Much longer than you think."

She kept silent, remembering a certain [illegible] certain intent gaze which had followed her, but [illegible] nearer. She raised her eyebrows.

"Months ago," he said. "The Carstairs party [illegible] Waldorf. I saw you there. I even met [illegible] course it wouldn't have made any impression [illegible]"

It had made a very vivid impression, but she [illegible] admit that.

"Really?" she murmured, feeling her com[illegible] a little.

"Really. And ever since then I've watched [illegible] watched you. I—" for the second time his [illegible] jumbled—"I don't know what it is. I want[illegible] you're practically perfect, Leo, as far as I ca[illegible]"

Leo's face, which was really beautiful because, for an instant, her guard was down, stiffened again.

"As far as you can see!" she replied slowly.

The edge which she could not keep out of her [illegible] must have recalled the man. His quizzical sm[illegible] back.

"Yes. But I'm keeping you. We've a day of [illegible] sport ahead of us tomorrow. Charming as you are [illegible] I'm looking forward to seeing you in riding togs."

It was like icy water in her face, returning [illegible] sanity. Mentally she shook herself.

"Right!" she nodded briskly. "Let's pray f[illegible] weather."

She almost ran upstairs, absurdly conscious of [illegible] following her.

Leo read in bed, that night. How to Mount [illegible] Dismount; How to Saddle Up. The Walk, The T[illegible] The Canter. She read until her eyes ached. Then she put [illegible] the light and lay awake for a long time.

"What's the matter with you, Leo?" she asked [illegible] fiercely. "You know what you're here for. You're to 'get' Tim Connelly. Well, then come on, my girl. Do your stuff. Put it over on him."

She said "put it over" deliberately in her mind, and bit on it. If this man disturbed her—and he did; she admitted it in the dark—why, that was neither here nor there. Ignore it. Because if she weakened, if she let him shake her purpose, she would tell him the truth, strip herself of these pretensions and then the jig would be up.

There it was. Put it over on him. That was settled. She was rea[illegible] sleep.

And all the time a voice in the back of her head was shouting at her: "[illegible] cheat! You sham! You cheap lit[illegible] hussy, you!"

But she was herself again in the morning. It was a lovely day, sunny [illegible] not hot. Perfect riding weather. D[illegible] fully, Leo put on the breeches and [illegible] smart coat and struggled into the [illegible] boots. She felt stiff and hea[illegible] when she went downstairs, but she [illegible] not look it.

As soon as he decently c[illegible] shepherded her up to the stables. He was excited, rather talkative.

"I've a horse all picked out for you," he told her. "Grand beast. Plenty of pep, but a gentleman straight through. You're to consider him yours [illegible] you're here."

She clumped beside him, feeling her first qualm.

"Thanks," she said coolly enough [illegible] she thought, "Plenty of pep! My g[illegible]"

There were two long gray barns [illegible]

"Hunters in here," Tim exp[illegible] gesturing. "And a couple of polo p[illegible] We won't bother with the other bu[illegible] now. Just farm horses, and the [illegible] room."

They went into the dim interior [illegible] smelled of hay and soap and horse. A double row of box stalls, each with its restless occupant. Soft sounds everywhere, rustlings, champings, a long exhaled breath and the clink of metal.

"Now for it!" Leo thought.

Down one side. Up the other. Patting a nose here, slapping a neck there. Twice they entered, looking critically at iron-shod hooves which he coaxed up from the straw. He crooned to the animals all the time, like a lover, and they responded to his slightest touch. Leo watched him, but she did not follow his example.

The inspection was over presently, but there was worse to come. Outside again, Tim said eagerly:

"So that's the lot. Hope you like 'em. And now [illegible] shall we hack down to the State Road and back? Just a little work-out to limber you up. Like to see your horse?"

She could do no less than agree.

"Please!" she said.

"He's all ready. I had them saddle him up. I'll just bring him out here so you can use the block to mount. It's quite a stretch from the ground and you've not been up for some time, I take it."

"Not," Leo confirmed gravely, "for quite some time."

Her fate was upon her and she was resigned. But nothing had prepared her for what, presently, Tim led out

(Continued on Page 20)

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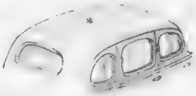

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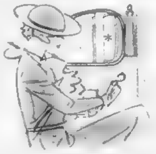
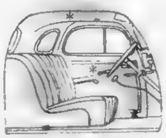
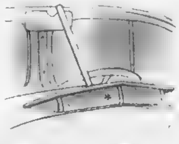


Chevrolet's improved Fisher No Draft Ventilation enables passengers to "scoop in" an abundance of cool, refreshing air by simply turning the ventipanes outward.



Greatly increased insulation in the floor, dash, side panels and roof of Chevrolet's Body by Fisher helps to keep the car interior remarkably cool on the hottest days.



The big, thoroughly-screened cowl ventilator admits a [illegible] further to the [illegible]

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CHEVROLET

The Glorious Gamble

by Madeleine Sharps Buchanan

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

L[illegible] a side of life she [illegible] about and per[illegible] brief adventure [illegible] drags vacuous [illegible] her escort, away [illegible] a dance at the [illegible]

Without Warning Barrie Crumpled Up and Fell, a Little Woolen Bundle as Green as the Cedars Clustered Close By.

CHAPTER XXII.

The Woods.

THE following afternoon Glee burst into the living room and flung herself excitedly into a chair.

"Like Winter sports, Barrie?" she asked.

"Of course." Barrie looked up in surprise. "I've been to St. Moritz often enough. Why?"

"Herb has a place, a log house, up in the Placid region," said Glee, "and every year a lot of us go up there over a week-end. A couple of Chinese do the work for him, and it's a great lark. We were just talking about taking the bunch up again tomorrow."

"Oh, but then—"

Barrie saw herself left alone, looked into endless vistas of being alone in Glee Harbison's apartment, realized she must make some sort of arrangements. If she could persuade Ann Varden or that nice girl who lived with her— She could not just go on drifting, dancing with Michael.

"We want you of course," said Glee impatiently. "And we hope Michael will come. We only stay a few days, for everyone is so busy and those who are not are trying to be. It's all right, Barrie. If it wasn't a nice crowd I wouldn't ask you. But [illegible] you feel I am [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] Michael [illegible] Barrie. He [illegible] I want you to have your chance. My hat's off to you for [illegible] this step. And I feel he's worth it."

"It isn't only Michael," said Barrie slowly, "now. I want to find my place, to do something. There's so much to be done. It humiliates me being with all you women who can do things, no matter whether or not you are earning now. You have earned and you will earn. You know how. And yet I cannot tear myself away from you all. You're even brave enough to take me when you feel that I [illegible] I'm just a cesar."

Glee nodded. "I know, Barrie," she said fondly. "It takes a little while to reconstruct your life, remember that. Don't be too hard on yourself."

Barrie said nothing for a moment. She was thinking ashamed of the long hours she had lain [illegible] over this [illegible] roof [illegible] that Glee was not after [illegible] the right sort of a person to [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] said Glee without a trace of bitterness. "Will you go home for [illegible] clothes, Barrie?"

"No," said Barrie quickly. "I shall not go back, I think. If I can only make father see reason after he returns! But I shall have a dreadful time with him. I know. I don't want an open break with the family if it can be avoided, but I am afraid it is inevitable."

"Yes," said Glee grimly. "I guess you'd better look for trouble."

"I think since you said that thing about my taking a job," she said Barrie solemnly, "I'll try to take up some sort of settlement work. I don't expect father will cut me off without money. Mother won't, anyhow. I never realized before what money could do."

"I know," nodded Glee, "you thought it only bought the roses. Well, now, you've learned that it [illegible] the [illegible] and the other [illegible] where they hang with bread and butter for [illegible] And that's a [illegible] lesson, Barrie. Maybe [illegible] learned it."

[illegible]

[illegible] she said softly.

* * *

The [illegible] passed black green of hemlocks. The rose-gray of clustered beeches, burnt sienna and crimson of oak, umber-brown of underbrush gemmed here and there by the red-osier dogwood, brushed by the pale yellow of the poverty-grass. Against the turquoise sky the feathery pattern of beech. Alternating greens of spruce, cedar and pine laid on the dazzling crystal background with a generous hand. Distant mountains fading into lavender, amethyst, violet, a deep purple.

Herbert Curtis' log house flung together haphazard by the side of a snow-covered hill fronting on a frozen lake, black velvet where the wind had swept the drifts away.

There was nothing new to Barrie Rowann about all of this, but she had never seen the Winter country as those who love it see it until she shared it with Michael Brand.

It was familiar and yet so new and beautiful and she was so alive. She had thought of long hard trails when she first saw Michael Brand at the Cherry Dragon and now she found how fitted he was to this Winter life. He did things well and with confidence.

Barrie herself skilled as so many society girls are in all types of sports came with a childlike enjoyment to this utterly delightful interval in her life.

Why Michael Brand had joined this party she did not dare conjecture, for it was evident that he had never played about with Glee's crowd, or possibly any other crowd before.

However, he seemed to give himself as completely as Barrie to this brief holiday and momentarily, at least, his abstraction appeared to drop from him. Whatever his trouble, it seemed to lift there for the time being and Barrie saw a new Michael, young and boyish and entirely too attractive.

The night they came to Curtis log house there was a dance at an inn some miles away and they went to it on dog sledges, speeding over a well-marked trail and across a frozen portage. The inn was crudely beautiful, built of the same type of logs as those which formed the Curtis house here and there wide sheets of plate glass giving a view of the steel blue Winter night.

There were vast fireplaces which contained wood chopped not far away and which had to be brought in to be burned on little two-wheeled carts. There were lanterns and gay banners and there was an orchestra composed of jiggling, singing young men in bright woolens and caps with long tassels. There were hot things to eat and you got them at a long table where two colored men presided and mixed drinks, past masters in the art of repartee and the buck and wing.

Barrie in her ski costume of soft green and looking like a slim, adventurous boy waltzed with Michael Brand to the swaying heady music. The floor was crowded with men and women, boys and girls, in the gaudy costume of the north country and men newly in from the trails lounged in the doorways.

Barrie had memories as she danced, held close against Michael, her steps now melting into his. Memories of nights at fashionable Winter resorts, of other dances, other men. She could remember now, and smile. Michael was her man. The affair was in his hands.

But never since that night in Glee's apartment had he permitted his words or his actions or his tones to verge upon the personal. Almost Barrie could feel the dangerous tenseness of his attitude and something within her joyed in it, waited, for what she did not know.

He had never mentioned kissing her. And now and then she thought of something he said the first night she met him—"I do not do anything I have to apologize for." Well. She did not understand him, as yet. This was all. But she would!

In the center of the floor when Barrie and Michael, Ann Varden and Chet Watkins stopped to eat some hot dogs fresh from the broiler and drink black coffee from great thick, white cups, a man and a girl in gay woolens danced a tango, gaudy fringes fluttering from the girl's closely fitting sweater about her lithe body.

An exhilarating excitement was racing through Barrie's veins and she felt a little proud of herself. She was happier than she had ever known she could be and she was thankful once more that she had had the courage to come to Michael Brand's world.

She knew little about him as yet save that there was no woman in his life, never had been despite Annie's mysterious picture on his living-room table. In a little tea house on a country road he had told her this one afternoon a short time ago. Casually, and as though his words were not the most important thing to Barrie in her life just then, he had told her.

"I never stopped to play about like this, Barrie. I never took the time or had the desire. You see there have been no fair ladies in my life."

(A little window where a geranium bloomed bravely, facing the sharp turn in the road. Their table beside it.)

Her own voice, jesting and as though what she asked were not of the least moment: "Do you mean to tell me there is no one, Michael?"

(A car stopping before the quaint little entrance. A man and a woman and a dog getting out. She would see them always, each detail of them, although they were all quite ordinary.)

"No one," he smiled slightly, picking up the check in his strong-looking hand. "I've never had time or faith enough for love."

Suddenly a burst of music from the radio someone had just turned on, glad laughing music! The red checked tablecloth under his fingers holding the check, the smile in his eyes for the moment completely eclipsing the shadow which always seemed to be there.

Yes. He was free. He was hers for the winning, if she could win him! Something of the primitive life about her seemed to creep into her being at the thought. She, the courted, the sought, to feel so about a man! But no woman had ever loved a man as she loved Michael.

Someone was speaking to her. Chet Watkins. He was a fat, jolly sort and he did not grieve for his lost job on the paper. Barrie liked him.

"They say that girl dancing out there was an entertainer in a supper club and the chap has an isolated sort of a ranch up here somewhere. The girl followed him here and gave up the bright lights. Get an ear full of that."

"It won't last," said Ann Varden, smoking thoughtfully.

Watkins gave a contemptuous snort.

"Cynic! That was five years ago and she's cooking and cleaning for him yet, the little hot mamma! I'd like to interview that girl."

"And dancing with him," added Barrie softly, watching the girl give herself to her slim young lover in the final embrace of the dance, rapturous face lifted, dark eyes holding a naked message for all to read.

In the storm of applause which followed the close of the tango, Barrie stood thoughtfully still for a moment. It was something to see that somewhere this existed, after all. And it soothed a restlessness in her and roused an interest which she had fancied too lethargic ever to be roused again.

"We'd better mush along," said Glee coming up to them with

(Continued on Page 18)

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W[illegible] CARED TELL PEOPLE HOW MUCH BAD BREATH COMES FROM FOOD [illegible] THE TEETH
COULDN'T HELP OVERHEARING YOU, DOCTOR. WHAT DO YOU [illegible]?
I SUGGEST COLGATE'S DENTAL CREAM. ITS PENETRATING FOAM WASHES AWAY [illegible] CAUSE BAD BREATH
SO IN A FEW WEEKS
LOTS OF DATES SINCE YOU CHANGED TO COLGATE'S!
MAYBE IT'S MY BRIGHT SMILE...
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Her smile is brighter, her bad breath gone, since she started using Colgate's Dental Cream twice every day!

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TOUGH THICK TREAD WITH SAFETY GRIP
BLOWOUT PROTECTED in every ply!
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No need to buy cheap tires to get cheap prices! See your Goodyear dealer — let him put safe new rubber on your wheels! Three "price-ranges" to choose from!

THE FINEST TIRES THE WORLD HAS EVER SEEN—AT PRICES YOU MAY NEVER SEE AGAIN!

Prices as low as

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buys this genuine

GOODYEAR SPEEDWAY

● *Center traction safety tread Supertwist cord in every ply,* re-inforced sidewalls! Compare it with any tire at or near the same low price!

If your size isn't listed here see your Goodyear dealer!

SIZE	PRICE
4.40-21	$5.20
4.50-20	5.50
4.50-21	5.70
4.75-19	6.05

SIZE	PRICE
5.00-19	$6.50
5.00-20	6.70
5.25-18	7.20

GOODYEAR PATHFINDER

One of the six most popular tires in the world! Millions of car owners know its quality! Look at the CENTER TRACTION safety tread! Supertwist cord in every ply! Read these typical prices!

$6.05
4.40-21

SIZE	PRICE	SIZE	PRICE
4.50-21	$6.65	5.25-18	$8.40
5.00-19	7.55	5.50-17	9.20

EVIDENCE

of 43% longer non-skid mileage!

We sent a famous man-hunter to shadow "G-3" All-Weathers — get the cold-turkey truth of how they are living up to their reputation on the cars of all kinds of drivers. And over and over—from coast to coast—this relentless sleuth uncovered the same impressive evidence—*"G-3" All-Weathers are beating their own test-fleet records of 43% longer non-skid mileage!*

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Against any or all defects in material or workmanship...Also, protection against road hazards*—good at every one of the 40,000 Goodyear tire dealers from coast to coast.

**Subject of course to terms and conditions of the standard warranty certificate*

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You don't have to pay a penny more for the world's greatest tires than you do for unknown brands of unknown quality!

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Prices amazingly low!

Now is the time to equip your car with new rubber. No matter whether it's a 1934 model — or seven years old — you can get genuine Goodyear tires to suit your needs and pocketbook.

Goodyear prices are still at low levels today for a very important reason—

Before crude rubber prices advanced to their present levels, Goodyear was able to lay in tremendous reserve stocks—*at a figure far below present market quotations*—and you get the advantage of Goodyear's tremendous buying power in the tires offered today.

Grip in the CENTER of the tread Supertwist cord in every ply!

Don't miss these two Goodyear safety features!

Regardless of price class—every Goodyear tire gives you the *extra safety—extra protection from skidding*—of GRIP in the *center* of the tread—right where the tire meets the road.

Look at those big, husky, sure-footed treads above and you see what that means!

More than this—every Goodyear—the famous "G-3" All-Weather—the Pathfinder—the Speedway—gives you the safety of patented *SUPERTWIST CORD in every ply!*

That's the finest protection from blowouts any manufacturer ever built in a tire—because Supertwist Cord has the extra "spring"—the extra comeback—the extra resilience—the extra endurance to stand up under the blows of road bumps and the steady pound of driving.

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For these exceptional values see your nearest Goodyear dealer.

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

GOODYEAR

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

The Glorious Gamble

by Madeleine Sharps Buchanan

Barrie Waltzed With Michael Brand to the Swaying Heady Music.

(Continued from Page 16)

"[illegible] We're climbing to-[illegible] a [illegible] on s[illegible]. How are you, Barrie?"

"I [illegible] get by [illegible]. Is it far?"

"I'm the [illegible] of [illegible] start [illegible]," groaned Glee, gestur[illegible] the pla[illegible] I [illegible]. It drags [illegible] I take [illegible] a [illegible] and [illegible] the [illegible]."

Ann Varden's [illegible] eyes [illegible].

"I [illegible] this is Barrie's party. We [illegible] wear her out."

"Wear out Barrie?" Michael [illegible] laugh. "I dare say she's [illegible] the Matterhorn."

A [illegible] hurt stabbed Barrie then. It seemed as though he had set up a barrier between them [illegible] of words.

"You're wrong, Michael," she said softly. "I've never conquered anything, not even myself."

"Shut up, Michael," said Glee, with an edge to her tone, flashing a glance at his dark inscrutable face. "Barrie has never seen anything like this, have you, Barrie?"

"Never!" said Barrie emphatically.

Chet Watkins stared.

"Why, holy mackerel, I thought she'd been everywhere!" he said. "Canada and Switz[illegible]."

Ann Varden gave him a distinct kick on his right shin.

"Well, she hasn't," she hissed close to his ear. "Fool!"

CHAPTER XXIII.

"We're Lost!"

"AND how do you like being tied to Michael, Barrie?" asked Glee.

Barrie with a little gasping sigh glanced at the rope about her slight waist, at the tall arrogant figure ahead of her, at the magnificent spot where Herbert C[illegible] had built a small picturesque hut modeled after those set up by the climbing clubs but more pretentious.

"I [illegible] it," she said demurely.

"I [illegible]," groaned Glee. "I [illegible] when I get here. I've got a dress, Barrie, one of those sheath things ages old. I wore it when I weighed 118 pounds and every Winter when I leave here I try it on. If I can get into it I [illegible] my sufferings at Hero's [illegible] have not been in vain and then I give a party."

"Some day the blame thing will [illegible] and [illegible] die of a broken heart," said Monty Barrows, who [illegible] with Ann Varden and was [illegible] of a [illegible] of a job.

Herbert C[illegible] opened the door of the hut and revealed two fairly [illegible] rooms with stove, bunks, [illegible] and open fireplace. The [illegible] had gathered firewood below and it took but little time to get the fires started and the coffee pots and frying pans on.

"We never get any farther than this," Ann Varden confided to Barrie. "It's enough for me. I believe there are other huts up here built by climbing clubs. I've never had energy enough to find one."

Barrie nodded absently. She was looking out the nearby window at the misty distances, watching a great hawk quartering to and fro, watching the [illegible] flash of a bird, tawney gold against a crystal backdrop, thinking that here and there in the [illegible] light the snow resembled the heart of a seashell.

She was hungry and happy and very tired. It had been some time since any of them [illegible] any climbing creatures of the [illegible] they were [illegible] trail upward was [illegible] the [illegible] they [illegible] fagged.

[illegible] to Barrie.

Chet Watkins [illegible] [illegible] place [illegible] every other [illegible] proved to be fine cooks [illegible] something [illegible] of spaghetti and plenty of cheese and some sort of heavy flavoring out of a bottle which was [illegible].

Barrie loved it all. She told herself so. "If you don't like this, Barrie Rowann, you're a frost. You're hopeless."

The other man in the party, whose name was Harrigan and [illegible] once had a witty column [illegible] known newspaper and [illegible] because of the de[illegible] but because the matter [illegible] drink was the most [illegible] thing in his life, had brought along a ukulele and [illegible] on a bunk entertained [illegible] with nasal renditions of [illegible].

"[illegible] like this if you make [illegible]," said Ann Varden to [illegible] as she came to the stove [illegible] cup of coffee. "But [illegible]."

"[illegible]?" asked Barrie softly, [illegible] Ann Varden's bright eyes, her gorgeous white hair, the [illegible] youth. Ann was smart-[illegible], sophisticated, but underneath it all she was so real!

"Oh, to crash through conventions, to tear down barriers, to kick over rules and regulations and laws, if it gives you an honest happiness."

"But," asked Barrie, "[illegible] honest happiness?"

"Ah," [illegible] Ann, sipping the steaming coffee. "That's just [illegible] is shorter than waiting for the answer to that one, Barrie."

And so Ann [illegible] to leave M[illegible] [illegible]

They were rested [illegible] who was an [illegible] experienced climber announced that [illegible] to getting back.

"Looks like a [illegible] to me," he said [illegible].

"What's that?" asked Barrie curiously.

She had been quiet and dreamy since speaking to Ann. Her thoughts [illegible] crash of a [illegible].

"A [illegible]," asked Chet Watkins. "[illegible] a hundred [illegible] forty below or worse."

"Let's get going," said Spen[illegible], putting [illegible] the ukulele with haste. "I was caught up here [illegible] a blizzard once."

Barrie loved the way Michael Brand took charge of her. It seemed natural for him to fasten her snow shoes, to arrange the rather smart-looking parka she wore and which Glee had [illegible] out of a chest in C[illegible]'s house.

This care was to Barrie meat and drink. She had never known it from a person she loved, although [illegible] there [illegible] been few in her life. Many men, of course, had sought to look after her but had succeeded only in displeasing her.

"Let's not use a rope until we have to!" said Glee. "Or leave me off it if you do. I feel like a sheep or a slave."

And so it chanced that Barrie and Michael Brand brought up the rear of the straggling party on the downward trip.

Barrie had heard that at times the mountain which took only a half a day to climb, required three days to descend and looking at Michael, she felt happily that she [illegible] care how long it took to regain [illegible] log house.

"[illegible]," asked Michael presently. "You were foolish to come. You're not in [illegible] for this trip [illegible] these people."

"Are we?" asked Barrie mischievously.

"I [illegible]," said Michael [illegible] put his hand beneath her [illegible]. "We're going to get some snow and that's not so good. We should have stayed in the hut."

Barrie said nothing. She was a little awed by the utter wildness and the vastness of everything, she who had traveled so greatly! The world seemed magnificent with Michael beside her and it took on a new glorious meaning.

Afar off the rising wind danced on the purple peaks and flung out warning snow banners. White glitter everywhere. A frozen silence set in crystal. Ahead the dark figures of their own party moving erratically downward, their shouts and breathless laughter echoing back from ice-locked walls.

Later, blue shadows of twilight creeping closer, snow particles stung Barrie's flushed face and

(Continued on Page 19)

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The Glorious Gamble

by Madeleine Sharps Buchanan

(Continued from Page 18)

she asked. "Can you see them? I'm keeping you back. We'd better shout."

Michael shouted and just then Barrie stepped upon the fairly thin ice which had crusted over a spring and broke through. She was wet to her knees before Michael could rescue her, lifting her high into his arms and setting her upon solid snow.

"Hard luck," he said in a matter-of-fact tone. "Get off your boots and leggings down to your skin, Barrie, and let me wring them out. Don't delay now."

"Good heavens!" shivered Barrie, for the water she had stepped into had been just above freezing.

Michael knelt in the snow and without ceremony proceeded to remove her snow-shoes and leggings.

"The water is congealing all this time and your clothes will be stiff with ice," he said. "Blame it! I shall be worried sick about you now. Where the deuce are those people?"

Barrie made no resistance as he stripped the clothing from her limbs, rubbed her briskly with snow, wrapped her in his own heavy sweater while he wrung out her stockings and leggings and put back upon her shuddering flesh the wet garments, now and then lifting his strong young voice in a shout to the party on ahead.

No answering shout came back out of the silent white wilderness and snow flurries now were drifting more thickly through the firs and the pines while there was a greater force to the wind.

As the purple twilight deepened Michael and Barrie walked on as briskly as possible and Michael spoke reassuringly.

"I'm all right as long as I can see a tree blaze and we'll come up with those fools presently. Keep moving, Barrie."

Barrie kept moving, increasing snow flurries stinging her face, the cold making her nose ache when she breathed. If people called this a good time! She had little feeling in her feet and legs now but she told Michael she was all right and she smiled when she said it.

Now and then he shouted to Curtis and received no reply and presently he decided grimly to save his breath. Night was coming and a storm with it and it behooved him to find shelter and warmth for this courageous girl. And once he had thought her an orchid grown behind glass! Well, you never could tell.

Here and there trail blazes were invisible and after a time Michael saw no more of them at all and the blue shadows were black and no one lived in that stark primitive world but Barrie Rowann and himself.

"We're lost, Michael," said Barrie after a time in a clear quiet voice. "Admit it and let's relax."

He turned to meet her beautiful serene eyes and felt something tighten about his heart. This girl, Roger Rowann's daughter—why did she have to cross his path? Why had she so persistently remained in his life? He might fight her but he could not let her alone, not now.

"Yes, we're lost for the moment," he said. "But being lost on a snow-covered mountain is not serious if you keep your head and don't go stepping into hidden springs."

"I'm dreadfully sorry," said Barrie meekly. "But really it is worse for me than it is for you. I simply have no legs at all now."

And without warning she crumpled up and fell, a little woolen bundle as green as the cedars clustered close by.

Michael Brand had faced emergencies all his life but he knew less about Winter mountain climbing and these particular trails then he did about other things and even less about women.

His one thought as he lifted Barrie in his arms was to find a place to camp and make a fire. He was in no slightest danger of losing his head although the blue-black night had fallen now and the gale roared through the tops of the trees.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"I Want You!"

WITH grim satisfaction Michael Brand cussed the party on ahead somewhere as he stumbled along with Barrie in his arms, looking for a sheltered spot in which to build his fire. The clean manner in which he had always lived his more or less outdoor life stood him in good stead now and he was far from exhausted when he walked blindly into the side of a hut half buried in old drifts.

He found the door presently and staggered into the one large room and laid Barrie on the bunk, tearing off his gloves and mittens and fumbling for matches.

They had laughed at him at Curtis' place when he had insisted upon carrying in his own kit two blankets and some food and a generous supply of matches. But Michael believed in being prepared and he was thankful now that he had used his head as he noted that the last kindly-minded guest in the hut had left a plentiful supply of firewood stacked near the wide fireplace.

There was a stove and some chairs and a shelf which contained cooking utensils, tin dishes and a lamp.

As speedily as possible Michael had two fires going and turned his attention to Barrie who was stirring slightly. Ripping off her outer garments he stepped outside and returned with a supply of snow which he rubbed on her little feet, her legs, her hands and her face and ears. As she stirred under this strenuous treatment, he forced a few drops of whisky down her throat and, wrapping her in one of the blankets, carried her to the blazing fire.

It did not take long to heat the stoutly-built little hut and while Michael lighted the lamp which held a fair supply of oil, Barrie came back to herself completely, sat up and looked about with amazement.

"Michael?" she asked. "What fool thing did I do?"

"You accepted Glee Harbison's invitation," replied Michael bluntly and filled the battered coffee pot with snow. "I fancy one of the climbing clubs built this hut. They're dotted here and there, you know. I stumbled on it by chance after you collapsed and we've enough food in my kit for a short time if we're careful. There's a neat supply of firewood here, too. It's storming and here we shall have to stay. They'll locate us presently, I imagine. And that's the situation. Nice one for Miss Rowann, isn't it?"

Barrie looked about her at a place she was never to forget and her lips parted with breathless excitement. Outside the snow beat against the hut like gusts of sand riding on a high gale and the log walls gave up a series of little explosions under the increasing cold. Inside the fires roared and the blankets were warm and Michael's coffee pot was on the stove.

"Miss Rowann brought this on herself," said Barrie then gravely. "And on you. And don't get me anything to eat. I'll prepare supper. Just some hot coffee, please. My feet and legs are killing me."

"They'll be all right presently," said Michael. "I looked at them. They're not frozen. They'll ache but just forget them if you can."

Barrie felt an hysterical desire to laugh.

"I'll get more firewood presently," said Michael. "No saying whether we shall be forced to shovel a way out of here or not."

As he spoke he brought Barrie a cup of coffee in one of the tin cups the hut provided and she took it smiling up at him.

"Isn't this cozy?" she asked drowsily. "And it's such a comfort to know that none of our crowd will be shocked."

"I'll have something to say to those men when we get back," said Michael grimly. "You can't fool with a mountain, Barrie."

Barrie did not care, at that moment, much about anything. She was alone with Michael Brand in the white, frozen world. They were locked in there together in one room, on a far snow-crested mountain! She could not ask more than this of life and she was supremely happy.

And Michael was looking at her strangely. His feeling for her was altering and he could feel it alter. Until then he had loved her, yes, had known he was loving her, Roger Rowann's daughter.

Fate had played him a scurvy trick. But playing about with her and showing her the city as she had never seen it before, he could afford to wait. Wait for what he did not know. Now, here, isolated like this, no barriers between them.

Until now she had been the only girl who had ever stirred his pulses, ever interested him at all and her loveliness was slowly taking possession of him. Now in that snowed-in hut she was the woman he desired, the woman he must have, the only woman in his life. And he was perfectly well aware that never had Barrie Rowann permitted a man to approach so close.

They ate a picnic supper, carefully portioned out by Michael. Bacon, eggs, toast. There was no butter and no cream and no sugar, but Michael had packed a loaf of bread, eggs, coffee, bacon, a can of tomato soup, a can of potted ham, and half of a cold roast chicken in his kit.

He regretted keenly now that he had not brought more but he fancied those fools would come to their senses and look for them before much time passed. There was nothing in the hut to tell him to which club it belonged, but such a completely outfitted little shelter was certainly on a list somewhere. And he had enough knowledge of the woods to feel sure that they had not wandered too far from the trail.

After supper he went out with the rusted ax, discovered in a corner, to bring in more firewood and Barrie cleaned up as best she could with the hot water made from boiling snow.

Her pulses were pounding and her nerves thrilling with this situation. She had wrested it from life herself. If she had not run from the sailing liner this would never have happened to her. She would probably have been in Switzerland at this very moment, meeting only the people whom her mother felt proper for her to meet, doing the conventional things, taking the Winter sports as she had taken them before, like some sort of a tonic. Ugh!

Well, here she was. With Michael. And she hoped she would not be rescued very soon! Ann Varden's words came back to her as she touched up her face with the aid of her small vanity case mirror. "Life is like this if you make it so. But it takes nerve."

She was staking a lot on Michael's fineness. She was making him the one man in all of her crowded life. She did not even know whether or not he had much money. She did not care. To be with him was the one vital matter.

Michael brought in a great deal of wood with a great deal of stamping, the wood and himself covered with snow. He piled it in a corner and the sight of it made Barrie feel very comfortable indeed.

"I'll put out the lamp," he said. "There doesn't seem to be any too much oil and the firelight will do. I'll have to keep up the fires all night."

Barrie was sitting tailor fashion on one spread-out blanket, her body wrapped in the other. The little hut was comfortably warm and steam was still rising from her wet garments spread upon a chair back.

Michael, divested of his sweater and leggings, sat down beside her and lighted a cigarette and she saw his strong profile in the flickering light, his straight brows. Her Michael! She drew a sigh of delicious contentment and then like a slap in the face came realization of their predicament.

"This may be unpleasant for you if it gets about, Barrie," frowned Michael presently. "If this storm keeps up we may be here for days."

"There's no help for it, is there?" she asked softly.

"Certainly not. If I could have gotten you back I should have done so."

"I don't doubt it," said Barrie shortly and Michael swung about to look at her.

"See here," he spoke with sharp [illegible]. "I don't go about [illegible] precious girls just because an opportunity arises and I can't resist. I always resisted with perfect ease until the other night at Glee's apartment. I knew I was going to love you when you came back to the Cherry Dragon. I've never had time to give to women and I never knew before this what love for a woman could be. I told myself the other night after I held you in my arms that I would not see you again if I could manage it and now here we are prisoners in this hut!"

"But Michael, why do you fight it?" Barrie's voice was gentle. "I love you, too. I have from the moment I saw you leaning against the wall at the Cherry Dragon. You told me there was no woman in your life."

"There never has been."

Barrie looked at his grimly-handsome mouth as he sat staring into the heart of the blazing logs and a tingling thrill ran along her nerves and she dared not ask about the picture of Annie.

Then he turned his head and met her eyes and his arm came around her and drew her close against him.

"Sometimes life is too smart for us," he said in a strange tone. "You should have obeyed me, Barrie. You should never have come back to the Cherry Dragon."

"Is there any reason, Michael, why you should not see me?" asked Barrie, not stirring in the tense clasp of his arm, her eyes looking steadily into his.

"I am free, if you mean that," replied Michael. "I would not have taken you about as I have if I had been entangled with any woman or any sort of disgrace. But you should not care for me, Barrie."

"But I do," said Barrie shamelessly. "It was inevitable."

Michael drew her closer to him, then his dark eyes burning on hers.

"I love you," he said with a long reckless breath. "I've wanted to say it for so long, Barrie. I shall never say it to any one else, and now here we are locked in together, for heaven knows how long! When we get out of here, Barrie, will you

(Continued on Page 21)

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Pabst Blue Ribbon
Beer and Ale

Bridle Wise

By Eleanor De Lamater

(Continued from Page 11)

from the barn. She [illegible] the horse [illegible] and [illegible] before his gigantic proportions. Here he was. He [illegible] he towered; his arched neck seemed to disappear into the clouds. Leo, who had hoped vaguely for something approximating the size of a shepherd dog, recoiled a little in spite of herself.

"Bay gelding," Tim [illegible]. "Isn't he a beauty? Look at those legs. Look at that head. See, you can [illegible] snaffle; his mouth is that good!"

She looked at those legs. She looked at that head. She [illegible] the snaffle, not having the faintest [illegible] what it was. She said:

"He's high, isn't he?"

"Seventeen hands. His master [illegible]. He [illegible]"

[illegible]

[illegible]

"[illegible] For the [illegible]. Means you see. Because he's so big [illegible]."

[illegible] got it. Grimly she clung to [illegible].

"I shall call him Shrimp," she [illegible].

Rocky [illegible] a little on his toes and she held herself quiet by [illegible] force. Then [illegible] Rocky's owner was incredibly in the saddle, grinning down at her.

"I'll just take the [illegible] out of him. [illegible]"

He rode off down a little lane through a gap in a [illegible] fence and into a field where a series of jumps stood spaced in a wide [illegible] Leo [illegible] the way, then stood still [illegible].

There are [illegible] to be supplemented by a horse who in the saddle are graceful, thrilling, even, yes, beautiful. Tim Connelly was one of these. He moved slowly around the ring sitting at ease, talking all the time in a low voice to his mount. The horse's gait quickened presently. The big hoofs began to pound in a kind of crescendo. Round and round, a single unerring piece of mechanism, a paper frieze under the Summer sun. Always the proud neck arched, the legs driving forward tireless. Always the man's voice chanting softly, the white plume of hair agleam. Leo stood there and suddenly her teeth caught her lower lip, her hands thrust violently into the breeches pockets. Something was coming up inside her, rising to a painful surge, like a wave that is about to break.

Tim had wheeled. He had pulled up [illegible] for a deep breath, [illegible] cut back from one of the jumps. Then he leaned a little forward, his [illegible] flashed.

"Up, boy!"

One, two, three. Up in a long parabola over and down. Three times and not a tick on the top rails. Leo shut her eyes for a second. The wave within her broke smothering [illegible].

"Stop it," she whispered. "Quit it, you little fool. You've got a [illegible] him. You can't go falling for him!"

She opened her eyes. He was [illegible] toward her, the lean face [illegible] his [illegible] eyes. She kept [illegible] her pockets.

"Isn't he grand?" he demanded. [illegible] at him.

"Wonderful," she said.

He swung to the ground.

"[illegible] you get up on the back."

[illegible] that the moment was here was to refuse, make some excuse, even run away if she had to. Instead she found herself on the mounting block. She felt the smooth leather of the saddle under her and the horse's nervous quiver as he sensed her reluctance. She sat there dazed while Tim shortened her stirrups.

"How is it?" he asked, busy with buckles.

She clutched at her sense of humor. What else was left to her now?

"You won't mind if I have a nosebleed, will you?"

"A nosebleed?"

"It's the altitude," she explained gravely. "The air's a bit rarefied up here."

Tim laughed.

"He's [illegible] all right. Just a second till I get Pretzel for myself. You take him up and down a bit just to get the feel of him."

She got the [illegible] all right, for he moved off [illegible] the instant Tim disappeared into the barn. She was not, she was perfectly aware, taking him up and down. He was taking her. Terrified, she tried to brazen it out to herself.

"And so," she remarked quaveringly aloud, "and so our heroine cantered off at a brisk walk frantically. I can't start out this but he seemed to know just where he wanted to go. They went perforce together. Around the corner into a kind of stable yard where a tall haystack stood. This was Rocky's objective. He went toward it.

But Leo saw his purpose.

"[illegible]," she thought.

The horse was quiet [illegible] way. I can't be found quietly [illegible] the very first minute."

She pulled gently upon the reins, murmuring a tentative "Whoa!" To her amazement the horse stopped, stood motionless. She was so relieved that when she heard a clatter from the barn and Tim's inquiring hail she answered quite gaily.

"Here I am. Around here. Silent upon a Peak in Darien."

He came into sight, on a big gray that danced and sidestepped under him.

"Well, shall we go? How does he feel?"

She said evasively that she thought he felt very well indeed. They set out.

It was a morning of pure agony for Leo. All her foolish confidence, her belief that she could pretend a skill she did not possess, had been stripped from her at first sight of Rocky. Now, with his great body between her knees, she knew that ignorance and a certain hateful conceit had [illegible] her open to Tim's ridicule, even to his utter contempt. Riding was not, as her mother had said, simply a matter of mounting a horse and of shouting "Giddap." You couldn't. So the game was up.

"Just," Tim had said, "a little work-out to limber you up."

It was a work-out, but it was far from limbering her up. Desperately hoping to hide her discomfiture from the man, she tried to ride behind him. But that was impossible. Rocky had no intention of letting another horse outdistance him, and Rocky's desires were final in this matter. Tim's Pretzel broke into a trot. Rocky broke into a faster trot. Pretzel cantered. Rocky's canter was longer and more rapid.

Leo bounced.

She bounced agonizingly, her head full of wildly agitated thoughts like a juggler's balls. Long afterwards she was to realize what a miracle it was that she stayed on at all. Only her young body and a natural balance made it possible. But just now she was an inert lump, being beaten, enduring, more terribly aware of shame and heartache with every jolt.

Heartache. Yes. The moment of charity, when Tim on his horse had appeared to her almost like a god, had opened her eyes. She loved him. She didn't want to "put it over on him." She only wanted, like a little girl, to please him. And now he rode behind her, watching her disgrace out of those keen blue eyes.

Thump, thump, thump. All the time, through her miserable daze she was aware of Rocky's expressive ears, pricked before her. She thought she could see how they registered surprise, then irritation, then resignation. What was left of her felt a dim affection for him.

"Poor fellow!" a small joggled corner of her brain said. "No fun having someone jump up and down on your back! He is a gentleman!"

To the State Road and back. It seemed a million miles. Just once, on the homeward trip, her ordeal abated for a moment. Suddenly the dreadful bouncing ceased. She was moving in unison with the horse, feeling his long stride under her, seeming to fly. She had found her seat, but she did not know that. She only knew an ecstasy of relief which was like heaven. She set every muscle to continue the miracle and, of course, lost it instantly. The terrible jarring set in again.

What was it she had said to Tim on that distant, incredibly comfortable day in the city?

"I'm terribly bridle wise."

Whatever the phrase meant—she had not known then and did not know at this moment—she thought she was bridle wise now. Wise enough to know that she was no horsewoman and could not pose as one. Wise enough to resolve never never to set foot in a stirrup again.

But even that exhausting "work-out" could not last forever. They swept into the stable yard at last and pulled up. Rocky stopped willingly, now that nothing challenged him. Leo sat there, upon his high back, weak, aching all over. The thought of her mother rushed upon her suddenly, adding to her despair. Mamma's candid, rather pathetic hopes; Mamma's plans for a future of ease. All blighted now, because she, Leo, had made a fool of herself.

She wanted to cry. She wanted to lie on the ground and kick her feet. Instead she drooped on her high perch and would not look at Tim Connelly.

His voice, when it came, told her nothing. It was pleasant.

"Nice little run. Had enough for now?"

She nodded.

"Tired?" he persisted. "It was a little strenuous for you, wasn't it? Your seat's a bit ragged."

"My—?" Leo gasped.

Then she shut her mouth with a snap. He was mocking her, of course. But she could not help a forlorn little inward chuckle. "Ragged" so exactly described the portion of her anatomy to which he referred.

He wasn't through with her yet.

"I only asked," he continued cheerfully, "because what we really ought to do is to take them around the paddock a few times. They're hot. Are you game?"

Take it, Leo. You brought this on yourself. Stick it out.

"I'm game," she said grimly.

"Good."

They went back the hundred yards or so along the grass track. They turned their horses into the paddock and walked them sedately around and around it.

It was an easy, reassuring gait. Leo revived a little. She looked furtively at her companion's face, searching for signs of the scorn and disgust he must feel for her. There were none. He was smiling a little, seeming perfectly contented, perfectly satisfied with the world. His voice, too, had been as deep and warm as ever. A timid, a very timid, hope stirred in her.

Could it be that she rode better than she thought? Could it be that, to an onlooker, even a critical one like this, her contortions appeared quite natural? Certainly she had never seen anyone who looked on a horse the way she had felt, but she had seen so few people on horseback. The hope grew, strengthened by the comfort of their slow pace. It actually seemed that her strenuous bluff had succeeded.

"Well!" she thought, bolstering her desire into a conviction. "Well, if that's riding—if it's supposed to feel like that—not for me! Never again!" Then, because she was still shaken and humble: "But I don't deserve it. I don't deserve to be let off like this."

Ridiculous confidence. She was not to be let off.

Tim had been looking down, watching Pretzel's gait. Now he pulled up suddenly, at the end of the field. Rocky stopped, too.

"Limping," the man explained, slipping off. "He may have cast a shoe or picked up a stone or something."

He stopped to tug at Pretzel's foreleg.

"What's the matter, old man? Come up and let's have a look. Come up!"

Pretzel resisted. He planted his feet firmly. Tim spoke louder.

"Come on! Hup, boy!"

It happened so suddenly that Leo had no time even to fear. She saw Rocky's ears prick, felt him gather himself under her. Tim, bending down absorbed, repeated:

"Hup, boy!"

And Rocky started.

They had been standing in a corner of the field, back from one of the jumps. The horse put himself at it like a thunderbolt. Tim's shout behind them only quickened him. Leo, thrown forward in the saddle, was aware of only two things in the world: a rushing speed and the neck strap to which she clung with a grip like death. It was over in a moment. She felt the powerful forequarters rise, felt his neck against her face, then the shock and jar of landing.

She went off. She felt the ground rush up to strike her. Then she felt nothing.

After what seemed a long time—actually it was about one minute—she heard a shaken voice repeating:

"Leo! Leo darling! Are you all right? Darling, are you all right?"

She opened her eyes. Tim was kneeling beside her, his arms were

(Continued on Page 21)

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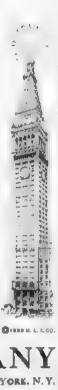

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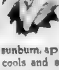

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The Glorious Gamble

By [illegible]

(Continued from Page 19)

marry me at once?"

"Yes," said Barrie simply. "Of course."

She laid her hands on his shoulders and lifted [illegible] even to his.

A moment he [illegible] down at her, and then his arms closed around her [illegible] body and crushed it against him.

For the [illegible] then Michael kissed her [illegible] hungrily now, and Barrie responded as she had never [illegible] she could respond to a man [illegible] heart and mind no thought but him, and outside the [illegible] tore at the [illegible] and the wild things which had long since [illegible] to shelter [illegible] close against their [illegible].

CHAPTER XXV.

"Ten Sharp."

SASCHA had two rousing good fights.

The first one with Mr. Donald Carlin upon whom it made no impression whatsoever and who smoked comfortably all through the stirring scene.

"I won't be hounded like this! I might as well be loved by a policeman! It's not getting you anything. Don Carlin, you quit calling me up and trailing me around! After this I'm not home."

The second with Archie Wellington. "You keep your hands off me, you fresh fool! It would look nice if I told your brother what you tried right under his own roof, wouldn't it? You treat me with respect when I come in to take your dictation or I'll tell what I know. I'm so fed up now that it'll only take one more of those little gestures from you to start me!"

Archie was a bad egg and she was growing honestly worried about his behavior. She knew he held long telephone conversations with people whose remarks left him white and perspiring and that he sat staring at one priceless stone after another in the privacy of his office.

"And that's bad," Sascha decided, tapping her typewriter keys. "This is no place for anybody who's got money troubles, and this bird has about as much resistance as a pot of mush. He'll elope with somebody's tiara one of these days if Nancy Morgan keeps on coming in next to last."

The detective Sascha had seen twice, once in the elevator when she had given him a brilliant smile, and again vanishing down the corridor beyond the Wellington offices when she had longed to give him a swift kick. The snooping old cheap skate. What kind of a job was that for a man and what kind of a woman would employ him?

Paul had taken her to lunch twice since his return to the office and he was sending for her now when he needed anything. Sascha was handling gleaming jewels, emptying trays of unset gems upon great squares of black velvet, was now and then laying a rope of pearls against her pure skin and occasionally got chucked under the chin when Paul Wellington was not looking.

Miss Wallace watched this and snorted at Sascha and fingered her wart as the girl passed her desk in response to Paul's bell.

The lure of Mr. Don Carlin was growing stronger daily and after he had prevailed upon Sascha to drive to Paradise Center and look at his little sample home "all furnished and complete with every known electrical aid to housework, baby" she decided to bring matters to some sort of a close in the life of her employer and herself. It was time that detective had something to run home about, thought Sascha, but she would not admit that it was a growing fear of falling asininely in love with the penniless and optimistic Mr. Carlin which brought her to this decision.

When a girl got to seeing a breakfast nook done in yellow and green, a white kitchen with red curtains, twin beds in an orchid bedroom, a delightful cushiony, colorful living room about two by four, on the typewriter paper before her, and when that girl had set her feet on a road which led straight to a stone mansion near the park, a house in Florida, another in the Adirondacks, about six cars, and a life membership in the Meadowland Country Club, it was time something happened quickly!

Something did, but not in Sascha's wildest moments would she have expected Mr. Hunks Jenks to be intrumental in bringing it about.

With a desire to avoid Donald Carlin as much and as frequently as possible, Sascha was accepting any invitation which came along and when on a bleak Thursday morning Mr. Jenks, who had been calling for some time without success, telephoned her at the office and told her he had a new car to show her if she could grab off more than an hour for lunch, Sascha astonished him by saying that she thought she could. But that was one of Sascha's greatest charms, her unexpectedness.

In this case, however, Sascha accepted because Don Carlin had developed a nasty habit of turning up at the door of the office building at lunch time and by the way her nerves jumped and her heart fluttered when she saw him she decided it was best to have a date whenever possible. Then, too, she liked the sound of the car Hunks said he had. "Sport model, beautiful. Bring four grand in normal times. Sweetest little job you ever saw. A baby can manage it and you can drive it, sugar, if you can lunch with me."

Sascha could drive anything but an auto giro. She had begun with the car owned by the Baskers and the landlord's son and had progressed straight through almost every car on the market. She loved cars, good cars. Now and then she would forget the name of some ardent admirer and would recall him only in this way: "Oh, yes, he was the fellow who had that swanky roadster."

And so upon this bleak Thursday Sascha, in her fur coat and her little smart hat which clipped close the red-gold curls, drove the enthralled Mr. Jenks (who kept his pudgy arm behind her and breathed on her ear, for a man should have a few rights under such circumstances!) to a tea house in the suburbs whose proprietress Mr. Jenks knew very well. In fact he called her Maggie and asked, "How's tricks? Got the same old room for me?" which [illegible] and when Mr. Jenks hastened to justify:

"It's a fact, Sascha. People stay here. I've stayed here one night in a blizzard!"

"Yeah," agreed Sascha, absorbed in crab Newburg. "I bet there was a blizzard!"

And that was that. The food was good and she did not care how many ladies Hunks loved. Let him. She wondered if Don Carlin had waited for her. But perhaps he had not come. You never could tell.

She drove the car back to the office, its speed and its power rather frightened her. Yet Sascha loved powerful things. This was what she felt in Don Carlin, drat him. Power. The will to get there.

"Come on out for dinner tonight, Sascha," urged Jenks, basking in his return to favor. "I know a smart place out Southampton way. I'll call for you at the office if you say so."

Then she need not go home at [illegible]

[illegible] Paul's desk and from these he was to [illegible]

[illegible] thousand. [illegible]

[illegible] away from the stores. [illegible]

Uneasiness took possession of her for some reason as the day [illegible]

[illegible] Michael [illegible] to find [illegible]

(Continued on Page 22)

Bridle Wise

By Eleanor De Lamater

(Continued from Page 20)

around her, his brown face very near. She shut her eyes again. What was it? Oh yes. She had meant to pose as a kind of lady jockey, and instead she had awkwardly, humiliatingly fallen off. Well, that was that. He knew now. The duty, the game, the dream, or whatever it had been, was over. But—but he had called her "darling!"

Leo came full awake. She struggled to stand up. Tim helped her, very gently and slowly. Her legs seemed oddly short when she stood on them, the ground very near to her chin.

"I fell off," she said stupidly.

"Yes. Child, I'm so sorry. I wouldn't have had it happen for anything. Rocky thought it was an order, when I spoke to Pretzel. I always put him at a jump with that phrase. But he didn't mean any harm. Look at him. He's as apologetic as can be."

The big horse stood near them. Leo looked up at him as the weary traveler looks at Mount Everest. But she managed a feeble grin, for his soft brown eye did seem to say:

"My error. Excuse it, please."

Next moment the grin was wiped from her face, leaving it white and strained. Behind her Tim Connelly spoke, very low, almost under his breath. He said:

"Will you marry me, Leo?"

She did not turn.

"Don't be cruel!" she snapped.

"Cruel? How is that cruel? I mean it. Please, Leo. Will you?"

She whirled around then, her composure shattered, the mask she had always worn thrown [illegible]

[illegible] Don't [illegible] You [illegible] I [illegible] that I [illegible] horses [illegible] then I [illegible] you marry me. But [illegible] You know. Don't, please, don't [illegible]!"

There! She was shaking. The man took one swift step toward her.

"I [illegible] I told you I'd known you [illegible] watched you for months. From the beginning I knew you couldn't ride. Things you said, the way you move, your hands. I never thought you were a horse fancier."

She [illegible] at him.

"But asking [illegible] is out here, why [illegible]"

A faint flush came up under his skin but he said steadily:

"You see, I could tell it was a put-up job. You and your mother [illegible] to bluff me. I didn't [illegible] that. But I thought if you [illegible] out here and just talked big [illegible] a part [illegible] go through with it, I thought, forgive me, that would be cheap. I wanted to find out. But you didn't. You played it out even to a nasty spill. You're a dead game sport. Now will you marry me, Leo?"

Leo felt her mouth tremble. She put out her hands timidly.

"I—" she began.

But he had bent and seen her eyes. He kissed her. She never finished the sentence.

After a while she pulled away to protest shakily:

"But this is all wrong. You [illegible] state specifications. You did say you wanted a girl with charm and [illegible] horse sense. And I can't ride."

[illegible] the boss hard.

"Yes, you can," he said. "I've taught you."

She looked up at him and suddenly she knew it was true. She could feel her body and her spirit respond to his touch like a—yes, like a well-schooled horse. Bridle wise.

He released her [illegible].

"Come on. You start walking back to the barn. I'll ride Pretzel and lead Rocky for you."

All at once Leo's head went up. She felt light and free and competent. She turned toward the big horse.

"Give me a leg up," she commanded. "I'll ride him back."

THE END.

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IS ITS WHITENESS

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Favorite Recipes From Our Readers

By Mary Lee Swann,
The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

Chocolate Cake with Orange Filling and Chocolate Frosting.

CREAM ½ cup butter. Add 1 cup sifted granulated sugar and 1 cup sifted brown sugar (packed in cup) and beat until creamy. Add 2 well beaten egg yolks and 3 or 4 squares chocolate, melted over hot water. Beat well. Mix and sift 3½ cups sifted flour, a few grains salt, 1 teaspoon baking powder, ⅛ teaspoon cinnamon and ⅛ teaspoon allspice (I prefer to omit the spices). Dissolve 1 teaspoon soda in 1 cup sour milk and add alternately with the sifted dry ingredients to the first mixture. Add 1 teaspoon vanilla and fold in 2 well beaten egg whites. Turn into buttered and floured layer cake pans. Put together with Orange Filling and cover with Chocolate Frosting.

Orange Filling.

MIX 2 tablespoons cornstarch and 2 tablespoons sugar. Add 2 egg yolks, the grated rind of 1 orange, 2 tablespoons lemon juice and the juice of 2 oranges. Mix well and add 1 cup hot water and 2 teaspoons butter. Cook in top of double boiler over hot water, stirring constantly until thick.

Chocolate Frosting.

MELT 4 squares chocolate over hot water. Add 1 cup powdered sugar and 2 tablespoons boiling water. Blend well and add 2 eggs, one at a time, beating after each. Add 6 tablespoons butter, a little at a time, beating until smooth and creamy.

Creole Frosting.

CREAM 1½ tablespoons butter. Mix and sift 2 cups powdered sugar, 1 tablespoon cocoa and ⅛ teaspoon salt. Add part of the sugar mixture to the butter, beating constantly until smooth. Add remaining sugar mixture, alternating with 3½ tablespoons strong, cold coffee, beating constantly. Flavor with a few drops vanilla.

Currant Jelly.

CRUSH about 4 pounds ripe currants. Add 1 cup water, bring to boiling point, cover and cook gently for 10 minutes. Turn into jelly bag and squeeze. Measure juice. To 5 cups of juice add 7 cups sugar and mix well. Bring to full boiling point, and add ½ bottle liquid fruit pectin, stirring constantly. Bring to rolling boil and boil vigorously for ½ minute. Remove from heat, skim and pour quickly into scalded jelly glasses.

Claret Sauce.

COOK 1 cup sugar and ¼ cup boiling water until of thick syrup consistency. Chill and add ⅓ cup claret. Serve with vanilla ice cream.

Upside Down Gingerbread.

MIX and sift 2 cups sifted cake flour, 2½ teaspoons baking powder, ¼ teaspoon salt, 2 teaspoons ginger, 1 teaspoon cinnamon and ½ teaspoon salt. Cream ⅓ cup butter thoroughly, add ½ cup sugar gradually and beat until smooth and creamy. Add 1 well beaten egg and ⅔ cup molasses. Mix well. Add sifted dry ingredients alternately with ¾ cup buttermilk. Beat until smooth. Melt 2 tablespoons butter in an 8x8x2-inch pan. Add ½ cup molasses and ¼ cup raisins. Heat over low flame. Blend and arrange 2 apples, pared, cored and thinly sliced, to cover the molasses mixture. Pour the batter over the apples. Bake in a moderate oven, or at about 350 degrees F., for 50 minutes or until done. Turn out and serve upside down.

Hard Candy Mousse.

SOAK 1 teaspoon granulated gelatin in 3 tablespoons cold water. To ½ cup red cinnamon candies add ½ cup hot water, a few grains salt and 2 tablespoons sugar. Heat over hot water until candies are dissolved. Add softened gelatin. Mix well and add ½ cup milk. Chill. When mixture begins to congeal fold in 1 cup cream, beaten until stiff. Freeze in mechanical icebox or in freezer without stirring.

Pineapple Milk Sherbet.

THIS quantity will serve about fifteen people generously. Mix 3½ cups sugar and 3 cups hot water and let boil for 5 minutes. Chill. Add 3 cans crushed pineapple and ¾ cup fresh lime juice. Add 1½ quarts scalded and chilled milk gradually. Freeze as usual.

Mint Sauce for Roast Lamb

MIX ½ cup water, ½ cup vinegar, 1½ tablespoons sugar, and ½ teaspoon salt. Bring to the boiling point. Remove from fire, add 2 tablespoons freshly chopped mint leaves and set aside to stand 3 or 4 hours before serving.

Cheese Hearts with Wild Strawberry Jam.

MAKE or buy plain cottage or cream cheese. Beat until smooth or press through sieve and then beat until smooth, adding a little cream to moisten. Line straw or perforated heart-shaped molds with wet cheesecloth. Pack the prepared cheese into the molds. Chill. Turn out on serving dish, remove cheesecloth. Pour a little thick cream over each heart. Serve with thin bread and wild strawberry jam.

Cress Sandwiches.

FINELY chop a bunch of crisp watercress. Moisten with a little well-seasoned mayonnaise and add a few finely chopped walnuts. Spread between thin slices of buttered bread.

Cucumber Sandwiches.

WASH and peel a large, tender young cucumber. Slice very thin and soak in ice-water for a half hour. Drain well. Dry on a clean towel. Finely chop with 3 or 4 sweet pickled small onions. Spread white bread with creamed butter. Season the cucumber mixture with a little salt and pepper. Spread the sliced and buttered bread with the mixture and put together as usual. Serve immediately.

Watercress Stuffing for Roast Lamb.

MELT 6 tablespoons butter and add 1 tablespoon minced onion and 2 tablespoons chopped celery. Cook for a few minutes and add 1½ cups finely chopped watercress and stir until liquid has evaporated. Add a few grains salt, a few grains pepper and 3 cups fine, dry, bread crumbs. Mix well.

Dewberry or Blackberry Cordial.

CRUSH the berries in a fruit press. Turn into a bag and press out all the juice. Set aside for an hour or two to settle. Turn into a jelly bag and set aside to drip. Measure the clear juice. To each quart of juice allow 1 pound sugar, 1 teaspoon ground cloves, 1 teaspoon cinnamon and ½ grated nutmeg. Boil gently for about 20 minutes, cover with a clean cloth and set aside until cold. Put ¼ cup French brandy in each sterilized quart bottle. Then fill with the juice and seal as usual.

Accompaniments for Lamb.

TO add color and zest to lamb menus, serve green salads with tart and delicious dressings and carefully prepared relishes and vegetables. Lettuce with any tart dressing, kumquat, endive and watercress and lettuce with grapefruit are delicious with lamb. Among the most appetizing relishes are mint sauce, mint jelly, currant jelly, guava jelly, spiced conserves and pickles and horseradish sauce.

Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*
Orange Juice, Prepared Cereal, Coddled Eggs, Toast, Coffee.	Grapefruit, Whole Grain Cereal, French Toast, Marmalade, Coffee.	Pineapple Juice, Cereal, Raw Potato Pancakes, Bacon, Coffee.	Sliced Oranges, Cereal, Scrambled Eggs, Quick Muffins, Coffee.	Grapefruit, Cereal, Frizzled Dried Beef, Blueberry Muffins, Coffee.	Raspberries, Goldenrod Eggs on Toast, Toasted Blueberry Muffins, Marmalade, Coffee.	Prune Juice, Baked Bacon, Jam, Toasted Scones, Coffee.
Luncheon	*Luncheon (Company)*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Dinner*
Stuffed Tomato Salad, French Bread, Ginger Cream Roll, Tea.	Devilled Crabs, Parsley Potatoes, Cantaloupe Pickles, Ice Box Rolls, Floating Island, Iced Coffee.	Tomato Bouillon, Cream Cheese Hearts with Wild Strawberry Jam, Rolls, Fruit Punch.	Spaghetti Venetian, Swedish Bread, Stewed Apricots, Iced Punch.	Emergency Soup, Crackers, Toasted Peanut Butter and Chili Sauce Sandwiches, Hermits, Hot or Iced Punch.	Grilled Sardines, Steamed Spinach, Sliced Lemon, Apple Tarts.	Old-Fashioned Chicken Pot Pie, Buttered Peas or Asparagus Tips, Tomato and Lettuce Salad, French Dressing, Hard Candy Mousse, Coffee.
Dinner	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Supper*
Roast Stuffed Shoulder of Lamb with Watercress Stuffing, Buttered Lima Beans, Steamed Green Vegetable, Lemon Cups, Green Apple or Prune Pie.	Hot Hamburg Roast, Brown Sauce, Baked Potatoes or Noodles, Cress, Radish and Cucumber Salad, French Dressing, Filled Lemon Cup Cakes.	Fresh Salmon, Egg Sauce, Potatoes, Buttered Green Peas with Lettuce (French Style), Jellied Cucumber Salad with Watercress, Coffee Mousse in Cantaloupe.	Georgia Brunswick Stew, Green Bouquet Salad, French Dressing, Blanc Mange with Raspberries and Cream.	Baked Black Bass, Jellied Philadelphia Relish, Mashed Potatoes, Buttered Asparagus, Pineapple Sherbet, Cookies.	Tomato Juice, Calves' Liver Loaf, Delmonico Potatoes or Macaroni, Macedoine Vegetable Salad, French Dressing, Golden Puffs with Favorite Sauce.	Toasted Orange Bread, Toasted Nut Bread, Marmalade, Buttermilk.

The Glorious Gamble

by Madeleine Sharps Buchanan

(Continued from Page 21)

no one there to reply to her ring. There had been an idea that possibly Barrie, she who was so reckless in her high fine pride and the following of her own desires, might be there. But the idea was a mad one. Of course she wasn't.

Still, one day soon she would go back. If she got a line on the elusive Barrie there was no saying what it might do for her with Paul. At least it would rid him of this Ross woman. No. Nothing went right. Life was certainly hard to arrange when you took it in hand. Which was probably why so many people just laid down on it and let it have its way with them.

Sascha was getting into her hat and coat when quite by accident Archie's high thin voice sounding unnatural drifted through the open transom. "Yes. Sure. Come here about nine. I'll be here. Yes, alone. All right, then, make it ten. That's better. Ten, sharp."

Sascha paused with lipstick in hand before the tiny mirror which many times daily reflected her fresh vital loveliness. Now, what would this wretch of an Archie be doing back there in the closed offices at ten that night? No good, she felt certain. Should she tell Paul?

No. If she did, it might spoil her opportunity for bringing herself into the limelight in some fashion. Hadn't she just been wishing something would happen?

Peering through a crack in his office door Sascha saw Archie seated at the telephone. He was alone and his voice now had sunk to a mumble. So he had made this date with an unknown at the end of a wire. Well, if Archie would be there at ten, so would she! She guessed she was a little smarter than this poor dissolute nit wit!

It was not difficult to persuade Mr. Jenks to bring her back to the city shortly before ten that night. Sascha knew what she could do with him and knew that he was so glad to again be numbered among her escorts that he would accede to any request. And so at shortly before ten, the sport model with Mr. Jenks now at the wheel, drew up near the building where the Wellington brothers had their offices.

"I won't be a moment," Sascha told Jenks as she sprang to the pavement. "But if I forgot those papers to go over tonight I'd never get extra time off for lunch again!"

"Don't hurry, sugar," said Mr. Jenks comfortably. "I'll lasso a few cigars and then we'll be on our way to a night club. It's been plenty of time since I held you in my arms, Sascha."

"It's going to be a lot more, big boy," Sascha told herself through her white teeth as she waited for the one elevator which ran at that hour. She was fed up with men. A girl certainly paid for being an appeal to their sex.

She carried a key to the office suite. Paul had given it to her. It touched her and made her proud to see that he trusted her. He was not going to be sorry.

The outer office was dark. There was no watchman save when Paul kept valuable gems in the office safes, which was not often. He had his own way of safeguarding the priceless wares in which he dealt and his losses were so few that he was besieged by insurance companies.

In Archie's office there was a dim light, the green one over the desk. Archie was there with a man. A tall thin man whom Sascha had seen often hanging about. His name was Bronson, Archie had said.

"It's five thousand now and I've given you the last extension," Bronson was saying in a rasping tone. "I'll have to ask your brother, Wellington."

"I tell you, if you'll wait until tomorrow morning——" Archie was begging, still in that high taut voice.

Sascha lost what else he said. On a table not far from her, lay a small black case. The exact counterpart of the one which had held the unset diamonds that afternoon! What was that doing there? Her eyes on the backs of the two men who were deep in an argument which was growing in intensity, Sascha put out a cautious hand and lifted the lid of the case.

It was filled with the unset diamonds which she had expected to see, and she felt certain they were the same ones which Paul had sent from the office before closing time with the men he trusted, men whom Sascha knew well he could trust. Archie, in some fashion had removed those stones before the case left the office for the bank vaults where Sascha knew they were kept!

Her mind worked then on a hair trigger. The stones had no business to be there. Archie had no business there. The thing was crooked as a pretzel. The ruby pendant was no doubt in Archie's pocket at that moment, or something else just as precious. If he was making plans for a getaway, taking the step which had been growing in his mind for weeks, he had more than these stones in his possession.

Sascha's eyes roamed about. And lighted upon Miss Wallace's lily bulbs, sprouting bravely from a bed of white and green and gold pebbles. The bulbs sat in a window not far away, and Sascha fled to them, scooped up the pebbles, opened her flat handbag, dumped the diamonds into it unceremoniously, and emptied the pebbles into the black case which she closed noiselessly.

Possibly never again could she move so fast. She was out in the hall, hidden in the dusk, when Bronson emerged from the office calling back in a careful voice, thick with anger, "You come across tomorrow morning, Wellington, with half of that or I'll see you kicked out of here."

She let Bronson go. She had to see what Archie was going to do. If he opened that case—— But she rather thought he wouldn't. She knew his lack of nerve. The faster he got away from there the better he would feel.

And when she saw him leave the office, locking the door behind him, and walking swiftly to the stair well, she knew by his manner that he had not discovered the stones in the black case. By the way he held his arms, the case was under his overcoat on the left side.

As Sascha slipped after him down one flight of stone stairs after another, down and down and down, she choked back her hysterical laughter. She was getting to be quite a detective! And she had plenty on Archie now. He was desperate enough to kill her for what she had done.

Archie's car was at the curb some little distance away and as Sascha saw him get into it, she felt for a moment a sensation of panic, a feeling of futility like a dash of cold water. Where was he going in that speedy car with what he believed to be a case filled with unset stones? And there was no saying what else he carried of great value to Paul.

Then her eyes fell upon the sport model of Mr. Hunks Jenks, waiting obediently for her and waiting alone. Mr. Jenks had evidently delayed while buying his cigars. Now, had he been careless enough to leave the keys in the car as he usually did, or with this new machine had he——no. The keys were there!

Sascha slipped into the low soft seat and trod on the starter just as Jenks emerged hurriedly from a nearby drugstore. He was too late. His girl and his car were vanishing in a maze of traffic, following close on the red tail light of Archie Wellington's roadster!

The fact that he had been reckless about those keys had deprived Mr. Jenks of the one highly adventurous moment in his prosaic life! He was left behind, standing upon the curb cursing in a low astonished voice, the package of good cigars in his pudgy hand crushed to a pulp.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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MARY FINDS WHY WOMEN ARE QUITTING THE RAZOR

WHY MARY-YOUR ARM FEELS LIKE A MAN'S CHIN WHEN HE NEEDS A SHAVE...
I WON'T HAVE YOU SAYING SUCH HORRIBLE THINGS TO ME!
1.
I HAD A FIGHT WITH JIM-HE LEFT EARLY -SAID MY ARM FELT LIKE A MAN'S CHIN..
MEN HATE THAT IN A WOMAN-QUIT USING A RAZOR-THAT'S WHAT MAKES HAIR STUBBLE
2.
WHAT SHALL I DO? I CAN'T LET LONG HAIR GROW ON MY ARMS-AND LEGS EITHER..
JUST USE NEET -IT'S LIKE A COLD CREAM AND ACTUALLY BANISHES ARM AND LEG HAIR TRY IT, DEAR
3.
A FEW DAYS LATER -
WHY, MARY-YOUR ARM IS SOFT AND FEMININE AGAIN, DEAR-WHAT DID YOU DO?....
THAT'S MY SECRET-SPELLED NEET
4.

NOW! Actually Get Rid of *Arm and Leg Hair*

No Masculine Stubble . . . No Stiff Re-Growth

Now one can actually *get rid* of arm and leg hair. Can, once and for all, banish the coarsened re-growth, the bristly stubble that follow the razor.

This is due to a new scientific discovery by one of the leading cosmetic laboratories of the world. A way that solves the arm and leg hair problem as women have always hoped it would be solved.

What It Is

It is an exquisite toilet accessory, resembling a superior beauty cream in texture. You simply spread it on where hair is to be removed. Then rinse off with water.

That is all. Every vestige of hair is gone—gone so completely that, even by running your hand across the skin, you cannot feel the slightest trace of stubble. For this amazing creation *definitely ends after-razor "stubble."*

When re-growth finally comes, it is utterly unlike the re-growth following the razor and old ways. You can feel the difference. No sharp stubble. No coarsened growth.

The skin, too, is left soft as a child's. No skin roughness, no enlarged pores. You feel freer than probably ever before in your life of annoying hair growth.

Where to Obtain

It is called NEET—and is on sale at all drug and department stores and beauty parlors. Costs only a few cents.

BEGINNING TO GRAY OR ENTIRELY GRAY
Streaky Hair Not Alluring

Keep ALL your hair one even, lustrous, natural, youthful appearing color, without a trace of gray.
FARR'S FOR GRAY HAIR
the most modern, perfected preparation for premature grayness, easily and cleanly brushed into the hair in the hygienic privacy of home. Costly expert attention no longer needed. Will not wash off nor interfere with curling. $1.35.
For Sale Everywhere.
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BROOKLINE CHEMICAL CO. A.W. 11
79 Sudbury Street, Boston, Mass.
Send for FREE SAMPLE in plain wrapping.
Name ....
Street ....
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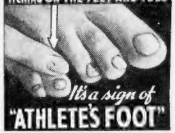
State Original Color of Hair

★ SHU-MILK actually removes spots and stains... restores that "new-shoe whiteness."
★ Won't rub off.
★ Easy to use—economical.
★ Guaranteed best you ever used or money refunded.
Dept., drug, shoe stores.
Bottle or Tube 25c
SHU-MILK
America's Largest Selling White Shoe Cleaner

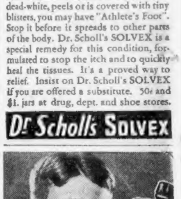
NEVER NEGLECT
ITCHING ON THE FEET AND TOES



It's a sign of "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

Be on your guard. When your feet and toes itch or when the skin between the toes becomes red, raw, cracked, a thick dead-white, peels or is covered with tiny blisters, you may have "Athlete's Foot". Stop it before it spreads to other parts of the body. Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX is a special remedy for this condition, formulated to stop the itch and to quickly heal the tissues. It's a proved way to relief. Insist on Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX if you are offered a substitute. 50c and $1. jars at drug, dept. and shoe stores.

Dr Scholl's SOLVEX



"Dad's New Lucky Tiger Hair Dressing and Dandruff Remover is sure fine"

...and he hardly misses what I use from his bottle. My hair was wild and full of dandruff flakes, but now it is tame and stays where I put it... lots of fun, too, for I like both its kick and odor. Mother says: "It's a big relief to her as now she does not have to make a speech to have me groom up a bit as it only requires a few seconds." *At Druggists and Barbers.*

Lemons for Cool Summer Living!

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

THIS humble native fruit is now at the top of its bountiful crop, just when its well-known tonic qualities, acids and salts, are most useful in toning up jaded hot weather appetites. Lemons contain the all-important vitamin C in an uncooked form, hence it supplies one of the least expensive as well as the most agreeable ways in which the body may store this needful, cooling and refreshing food quality.

There is practically no other single fruit which the housewife can use so often and prepare in so many different guises. First, a generous supply laid in any cool and well-aired location, or packed in a crock of dry sand, will be an available supply for countless uses.

Or, if the refrigerator be large, pack the airtight vegetable box full of lemons to keep them moist. Thin-skinned lemons have more juice than those with thick and apparently heavier size and rind. Good fresh lemons are light in color, but darken as they grow old or shriveled.

Briefly, lemons may serve as the chief ingredient in the following dishes: Lemon-flavored beverages, cocktails, punches and various "noggs," etc. Lemon-flavored sauces for meats, fish, sea-food and vegetables. Lemon-flavored salad dressings and mayonnaise. Lemon-flavored icings and frosting or cake flavors. Lemon gelatin dishes or cold molded foods. Lemon frozen sherbets and other cold desserts. Lemon garnishes for all meats, fish, salads, etc. Lemon to prevent discoloration of other foods. Lemon as a beauty aid, shampoo and skin whitener. Lemon rind as a flavoring extract, as a confection, and the container for salads, desserts, etc.

The lemon-flavored cocktail, beverage or punch, is at once one of the best and most refreshing which could be named. A true natural lemonade, well made and delightfully chill, is a thirst-quencher which has few competitors.

Lemon juice as a main flavor in combination fruit punches is sure to have the wholesome natural kick most safe in hot weather. Many delicious forms of lemon eggnog, frosted lemon shake, lemon iced tea, etc., should be tried both for the family and the guest occasion.

When making salads, either vegetables or fruit, nothing is so sure to give a true blended flavor, as to use a dressing made with natural lemon juice. Such a dressing is not too acid and strong, and, being natural and pure, itself blends with the other natural and genuine food ingredients.

Lemon French dressing and lemon mayonnaise are as easy to make as any others and may indeed be made up in a quart or other quantity and kept ready chilled in the refrigerator. Fruit cocktails, or any of the many delicious fruit cup mixtures, should have lemon dressing poured over them for a few minutes to give a blended flavor.

Lemon juice, too, as every housewife knows, will keep white such fruits as apples and bananas, which otherwise would turn dark if exposed to the air.

Many sea-foods and sea-food salads are popular as Summer luncheon menus. Here again the tang of a few drops of lemon brings out the flavor of such fish, especially if it is of the canned type, such as canned tuna, lobster, shrimp, etc. One can not make a good satisfying lobster or crabmeat salad unless some natural lemon juice be included.

Again, the hostess should not overlook the eye-appeal of lemons used as garnish. The familiar circular thin lemon slice need not always be used; it is quite simple and even fascinating to cut lemons into small baskets, whorls, ornamental slices, etc., for garnish and interest to platters of cold cuts, broiled fish, vegetable molds, etc. In many cases the entire fruit should be peeled whole, as one pares an apple, and then the pulp cut down into fancy segments, stars, crosses, moons, etc.

Lemon rind was always a favorite spice or flavor with the old-fashioned cook. She used the grated rind of lemon so often mentioned in cook-books, for seasoning her cookies and cake, her meat sauces and her confectionery.

There is a fragrance yielded by the essential oil of the lemon rind that gives a spicy odor to whatever mixture it is added. This is true of the delicate dishes such as lemon custard, lemon souffle, lemon tarts, lemon cream pie, etc. The actual juice alone does not quite turn the trick—so grate the rind also in sauces, custards and cake frostings.

A frozen lemon-flavored dessert or contrasting sherbet is another simple affair since it needs only be combined with a sugar syrup and frozen without stirring in the trays of the refrigerator. A lemon sherbet is unusual served in half a canteloupe or other melon, combined with a cocktail or cup of melon balls, or as a contrast with fish, sea-food or cold cuts of meat. Indeed, the lemon sherbet is perhaps the ideal and preferred dessert after any hot fish menu.

The housewife who realizes the true value of lemons as a cleansing acid in the physical sense as well, will keep a jar of cut lemons alongside her sink and frequently rub her fingers and hands in this whitening juice.

Since fresh lemons contain such large amounts of calcium, iron, phosphorous and other alkaline salts, children should be given lemon juice in moderation. A refreshing lemon nogg, with a good sandwich or plate of ice cream, is a meal all children will enjoy, but it will not be taxing.

With one of the new power juice extractors, it is a good and efficient plan to extract juice from a dozen lemons at a time, strain it, and keep it chilled and available for instant Summer use.

Lemon Fruit Cocktail: ⅓ cup sugar, 1 cup water, 2 tablespoons any red jelly for color, ⅓ cup strained lemon juice. Boil sugar and water 5 minutes. Cool. Add lemon juice. Pour over such cut fruit mixtures as melon balls, diced orange and banana, etc.

Lemon French Dressing: 3 tablespoons lemon juice, 6 tablespoons oil, ¼ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon paprika. Blend well and chill. Add ¼ cup strained honey for a sweet dressing for fruit salads.

Lemon Mayonnaise: 1 egg, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, grains paprika, 1 teaspoon each mustard, salt, and powdered sugar, 2 cups oil. Beat and blend as usual in churn mixer or bowl. Thin as required with strained orange or grapefruit juice.

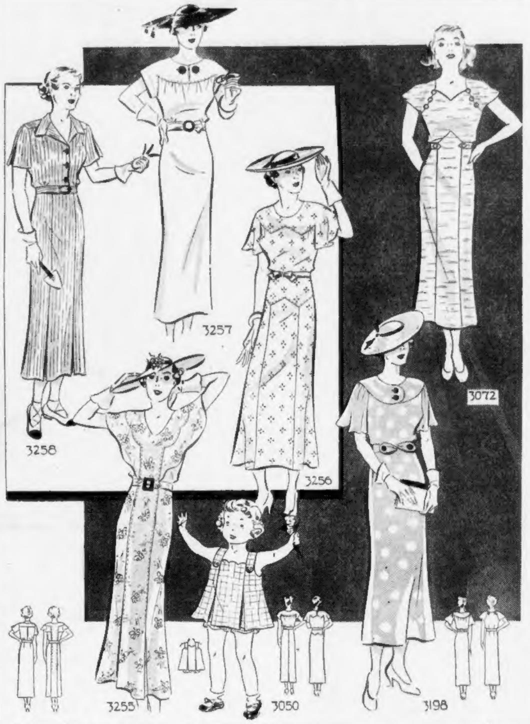
Lemon Marinade or Seasoning: 6 tablespoons lemon juice, 3 tablespoons oil, 1 teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon white pepper, ½ teaspoon onion juice. Blend thoroughly. Let ingredients stand in this dressing ½ hour or longer, then drain. Excellent on cooked meats, fish and vegetables previous to using final dressing.

Lemon Sponge Pudding: 1 cup sugar, 3 tablespoons butter, 5 level tablespoons flour, 3 egg yolks well beaten, ¼ cup lemon juice, 1 cup milk, 3 egg whites stiffly beaten. Cream butter, sugar and flour, add beaten yolks, and fold in whipped whites. Bake in individual buttered custard cups 35 minutes in slow oven. (This forms a cake top with layer of custard below.)

Lemon Butter (for fish and meats): 3 tablespoons butter, ¼ teaspoon salt, grains paprika, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 1 tablespoon minced parsley. Cream all ingredients together and serve on hot fish, steak, chops, etc.

Citrus Cocktail Punch: ¼ cup lemon juice, ¼ cup orange juice, ¼ cup grapefruit juice, ¼ cup sugar, grains salt, 1 cup charged water or ginger ale. Combine, and serve immediately. (All ingredients previously well chilled.) Serve with mint sprays.

American Weekly Patterns



Pattern 3258—DESIGNED FOR ACTION ARE THE PLEATED SLEEVES AND SKIRT OF A SIMPLE SHIRTWAIST FROCK. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards 36-inch fabric.

Pattern 3257—EASY TO MAKE, FLATTERING TO WEAR, IS SPORTS FROCK WITH YOKE AND SLEEVE IN ONE! Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 16 requires 3⅛ yards 36-inch fabric.

Pattern 3256—FOR REPEATED SMARTNESS THE FLATTERING CAPE YOKE TAKES A CUT TO MATCH THE SKIRT YOKE! Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 16 requires 3 yards 39-inch fabric.

Pattern 3072—EASY-ACTION SLEEVE AND YOUTHFUL LINES DISTINGUISH COTTON FROCK FOR HOUSE AND RUN-ABOUT WEAR. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 16 requires 3⅛ yards 36-inch fabric.

Pattern 3255—UNIQUE AND FLATTERING IS THE FLARED CAPE EFFECT ON SLEEVELESS AFTERNOON DRESS. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 3[illegible] and 42. Size 16 requires 3½ yards 39-inch fabric.

Pattern 3050—SIMPLE SUSPENDER STRAPS TOP, COOL PRACTICAL BLOOMER FROCK FOR THE TINY TOT. Designed for sizes 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10. Size 4 requires 2⅛ yards 36-inch fabric.

Pattern 3198—TAILORED SIMPLICITY AND FEMININE SOFTNESS COMBINE HARMONIOUSLY FOR STREET DRESS. Designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 16 requires 3⅜ yards 39-inch fabric.

PRICE OF PATTERNS, 15 CENTS EACH.

Every pattern contains a large, complete, easily-followed sewing guide. To order these easy-to-make patterns, write plainly PATTERN NUMBERS AND SIZES DESIRED, YOUR NAME, YOUR STREET ADDRESS, CITY AND STATE. Enclose 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) for each pattern, and address your envelope to

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY
PATTERN DEPT.,
635 SIXTH AVENUE,
NEW YORK, N. Y.

Due to customs restrictions, Canadian orders cannot be filled.

Delicious Lemon Recipes

Magic Lemon Pie: 1⅓ cups (1 tall can) sweetened condensed milk, ½ cup strained lemon juice, grated rind 1 lemon, 2 egg yolks, well beaten. Blend all ingredients thoroughly and filling will thicken as if cooked. Pour into unbaked crumb pie shell. Top with sweetened whipped cream, adding ¾ cup fresh shredded cocoanut.

Lemon Sherbet: 3 cups sugar, 4 cups water, ¾ cup lemon juice, 2 egg whites, beaten. Boil sugar and water. Cool and add fruit juice and beaten eggs. Freeze in refrigerator trays.

Lemon Gelatin Salads: Soak 1½ tablespoons granulated gelatin for 5 minutes in ½ cup cold water. Add 1 cup boiling water, ½ teaspoon salt, and 2 tablespoons sugar. Cool, then add ½ cup strained lemon juice. When this basic mixture begins to stiffen, add 1 cup tuna fish, flaked, or 1 cup whipped cottage cheese, or similar main material. Mold, chill, and serve on lettuce, cress, etc. Excellent for all chopped green vegetables as shredded cabbage, minced green peppers, cooked string beans or green peas, etc.

Make Faded Summer Frocks New Again!

- **Tintex brings you color-magic for every faded fabric**

It's easy to look your best . . . if you use Tintex. For then everything in your summer wardrobe will always be color-fresh, color-smart — the envy of your friends. And Tintex costs so little . . . and saves so many dollars. No wonder more women buy Tintex than any other tints and dyes! Easy to use . . . professional results . . . and 38 brilliant, long-lasting colors from which to choose. Insist on Tintex!

- **Avoid Substitutes—Always say "Tintex" to your dealer.**

At all drug and notion counters 15¢

Tintex
World's Largest Selling
Tints & Dyes

Bleaches!

The gentle bleaching action eliminates muddy skins, dull complexions, freckles, tan and discolorations, as your appearance instantly assumes an irresistible beauty.

ORIENTAL CREAM
Gouraud
White · Flesh · Rachel and Oriental-Tea

NEW, BETTER
NAIL POLISH
ONLY 25c—WHY PAY MORE?

CREME or REGULAR Nail Polish in nine lovely shades—to match your natural coloring! Won't crack, chip, or peel. Lasts for days. Approved by Good Housekeeping. White nail pencil free with every 25c bottle.

FREE: To get large 25c bottle of REMOVER—Free—buy Lady Lillian Polish (25c size) at your Department or Drug Store—tear bottom flap off white box and send with your address to Dep't. A-2, 1140 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

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CREME NAIL POLISH

Use
Cuticura
When your Skin requires Special Care

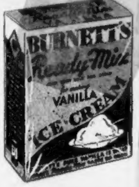
The Soap to cleanse and invigorate, the Ointment to soothe and promote healing. In the treatment of skin irritations bathe freely with Cuticura Soap and hot water, dry gently and apply Cuticura Ointment.

Here's the easy way to make
ICE CREAM
it's delicious!

Nothing so good on a hot day as a dish of real ice cream made the easy way with Ready-Mix.

Hundreds of women in your city have discovered this time- and money-saving product. They have confidence to try it, for they know it is made by the makers of Burnett's Extracts.

You'll find it delicious served plain or with crushed strawberries. It's ten cents a package, wrapped in Cellophane to seal in all the rich goodness and flavor! Just dissolve the contents of the package in a cup of milk. Add to a cup of cream whipped *stiff* and freeze in the tray of your refrigerator or in your hand freezer.



3 FLAVORS
Vanilla • Chocolate • Taffy
10¢ pkg.
Your grocer has it!

Ready-Mix

Every woman should make this "Armhole Odor" Test

NO matter how carefully you *deodorize* your underarm—if any dampness collects on the armhole of your dress, you will always have an unpleasant "armhole odor." Test this by smelling your dress tonight.

Once you realize that *nothing*, not even dry cleaning, will completely remove this stale perspiration odor, you will understand why women who try short cuts to daintiness always return to Odorono.

Creams and sticks are not made to *stop* perspiration—they can only *deodorize*. The *sure* way is to use Liquid Odorono—which keeps the underarm not only sweet, *but dry*.

Odorono gently draws the pores together and diverts underarm perspiration to other parts of the body where it can evaporate quickly without becoming offensive and embarrassing. Your doctor will tell you that Odorono is *absolutely safe*.

ODORONO COMES in two strengths. Regular Odorono (Ruby Colored) requires only two applications a week. Instant Odorono (Colorless) is for especially sensitive skin or for hurried use—to be used daily or every other day. Both kinds are on sale at the toilet goods counters of all drug stores and department stores.

If you want to know the relief and confidence brought by the use of Odorono, send for the samples and booklet on complete underarm dryness offered below.

ODO-RO-NO

Millions of bottles of Odorono are used every year by women who insist on being *sure* of complete underarm daintiness.

RUTH MILLER, The Odorono Co., Inc.
Dept. 430, 191 Hudson St., New York City
(In Canada, address P. O. Box 2320, Montreal)

I enclose 8¢ for sample vials of both Instant Odorono and Regular Odorono and leaflet on complete underarm dryness.

Name____________________
Address____________________

Spend just 10 Minutes in a Pontiac

Silver Streak
SIXES AND EIGHTS
$615
List prices at Pontiac, Mich., begin at $615 for the Six and $730 for the Eight (subject to change without notice). Standard group of accessories extra. Easy G. M. A. C. Time Payments

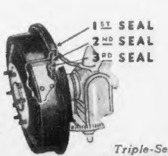
A General Motors Value

The most beautiful thing on wheels has a wonderful story to tell!

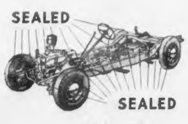
There isn't much difference between the cost of a Silver Streak Pontiac and the cost of the lowest priced car you can buy. *Just a matter of a few cents a day.* But what a world of difference there is in what you get for what you pay!

When you step into the most beautiful thing on wheels you step right into the fine-car class, *for every Pontiac feature is the finest money can buy.* Pontiac's solid steel "Turret-Top" Bodies by Fisher with no-draft ventilation are the safest bodies built today. Pontiac's big hydraulic brakes—triple-sealed to bar out dirt and moisture—have yet to be surpassed. Big-car weight and size, and scientific springing give you steadiness and security you simply cannot get in smaller, lighter cars. Silver-alloy bearings and a completely sealed chassis keep the Pontiac young for years on end. And when it comes to performance and economy, Pontiac asks no odds of any car at any price!

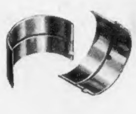
We do not ask you to take these remarkable statements o faith. On the contrary we urge you to let the Pontiac tell own wonderful story of *quality* and *value.* Spend just minutes behind the Silver Streak. That's all it takes to prov beyond a doubt that if you plan to buy a low-priced car yo can't do better than a Pontiac in 1935.



Triple-Sealed Hydraulic Brakes



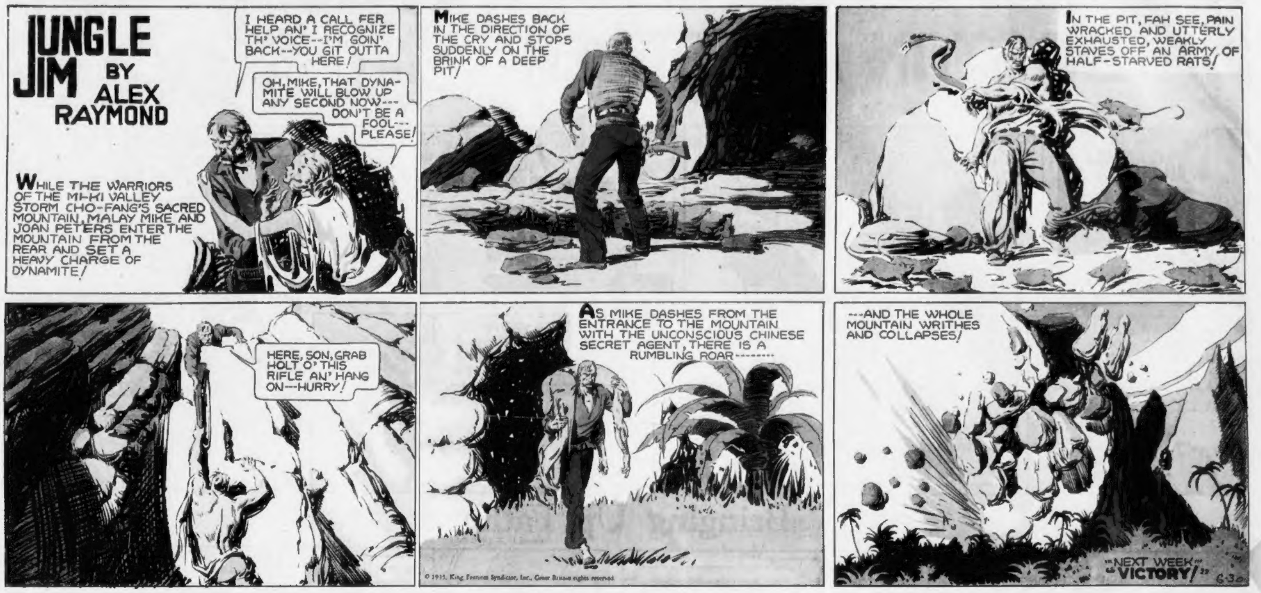
Completely Sealed Chassis



Silver-Alloy Bearings

Knee-Action on the Eight and De Luxe Six

Solid Steel "Turret-Top" Body


JUNGLE JIM BY ALEX RAYMOND
WHILE THE WARRIORS OF THE MI-KI VALLEY STORM CHO-FANG'S SACRED MOUNTAIN, MALAY MIKE AND JOAN PETERS ENTER THE MOUNTAIN FROM THE REAR AND SET A HEAVY CHARGE OF DYNAMITE!
I HEARD A CALL FER HELP AN' I RECOGNIZE TH' VOICE--I'M GOIN' BACK--YOU GIT OUTTA HERE!
OH, MIKE, THAT DYNAMITE WILL BLOW UP ANY SECOND NOW--- DON'T BE A FOOL--- PLEASE!
MIKE DASHES BACK IN THE DIRECTION OF THE CRY AND STOPS SUDDENLY ON THE BRINK OF A DEEP PIT!
IN THE PIT, FAH SEE, PAIN WRACKED AND UTTERLY EXHAUSTED, WEAKLY STAVES OFF AN ARMY OF HALF-STARVED RATS!
HERE, SON, GRAB HOLT O' THIS RIFLE AN' HANG ON---HURRY!
AS MIKE DASHES FROM THE ENTRANCE TO THE MOUNTAIN WITH THE UNCONSCIOUS CHINESE SECRET AGENT, THERE IS A RUMBLING ROAR--------
---AND THE WHOLE MOUNTAIN WRITHES AND COLLAPSES!
"NEXT WEEK" "VICTORY!"
6-30

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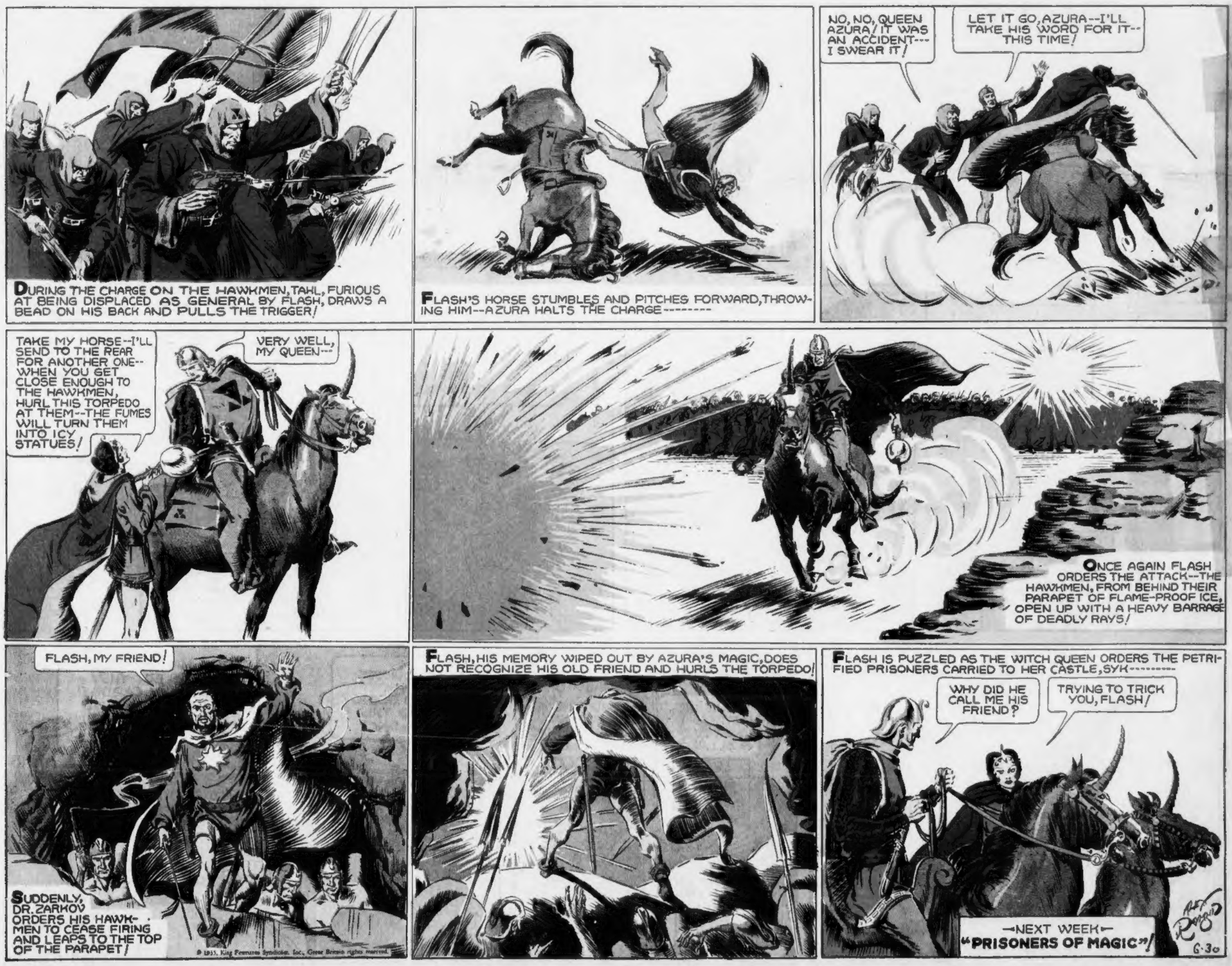
Flash Gordon


DURING THE CHARGE ON THE HAWKMEN, TAHL, FURIOUS AT BEING DISPLACED AS GENERAL BY FLASH, DRAWS A BEAD ON HIS BACK AND PULLS THE TRIGGER!
FLASH'S HORSE STUMBLES AND PITCHES FORWARD, THROWING HIM--AZURA HALTS THE CHARGE--------
NO, NO, QUEEN AZURA! IT WAS AN ACCIDENT--- I SWEAR IT!
LET IT GO, AZURA--I'LL TAKE HIS WORD FOR IT-- THIS TIME!
TAKE MY HORSE--I'LL SEND TO THE REAR FOR ANOTHER ONE-- WHEN YOU GET CLOSE ENOUGH TO THE HAWKMEN, HURL THIS TORPEDO AT THEM--THE FUMES WILL TURN THEM INTO ICY STATUES!
VERY WELL, MY QUEEN--
ONCE AGAIN FLASH ORDERS THE ATTACK--THE HAWKMEN, FROM BEHIND THEIR PARAPET OF FLAME-PROOF ICE, OPEN UP WITH A HEAVY BARRAGE OF DEADLY RAYS!
FLASH, MY FRIEND!
SUDDENLY, DR. ZARKOV ORDERS HIS HAWKMEN TO CEASE FIRING AND LEAPS TO THE TOP OF THE PARAPET!
FLASH, HIS MEMORY WIPED OUT BY AZURA'S MAGIC, DOES NOT RECOGNIZE HIS OLD FRIEND AND HURLS THE TORPEDO!
FLASH IS PUZZLED AS THE WITCH QUEEN ORDERS THE PETRIFIED PRISONERS CARRIED TO HER CASTLE, SYK---------
WHY DID HE CALL ME HIS FRIEND?
TRYING TO TRICK YOU, FLASH!
—NEXT WEEK— "PRISONERS OF MAGIC"!
ALEX RAYMOND
6-30

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